

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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DISAPPEARANCE OF A GREAT LAKE

THE LAKE THAT LIVINGSTONE SAW ACROSS ITS BED IN A CAR

The Strange Disappearance of
a Vast African Water

THE SANDY WASTES BEYOND THE KALAHARI

David Livingstone, after trekking across the Kalahari Desert in 1849, discovered Lake Ngami, 200 miles round.

Twenty years ago a traveller reported that the lake had shrunk to a series of marshes half choked with reeds.

The other day a C.N. travelling correspondent drove in a motor-lorry over the dry sandy bed of the lake.

For four days and four nights (our correspondent writes) we plunged on in our lorry from Victoria Falls, travelling in a south-easterly direction over the northern Kalahari Desert.

On the fourth day we left the bush and the grass behind us, and came out on a sandy waste. In places the sand was mixed with soil, and was reasonably hard; in other places it was soft and powdery, and the wheels of the car sank deep, so that we had to be dug out several times.

On the Bed of Lake Ngami

In the distance there appeared several mirages, which were so real to us that we saw trees and cattle reflected in the water. As we drew near they melted into thin air. Beyond them were two or three great spouts of what looked like smoke belching forth from an unseen factory chimney; in reality they were vast spouts of sand and dust caught up by a swirl of wind.

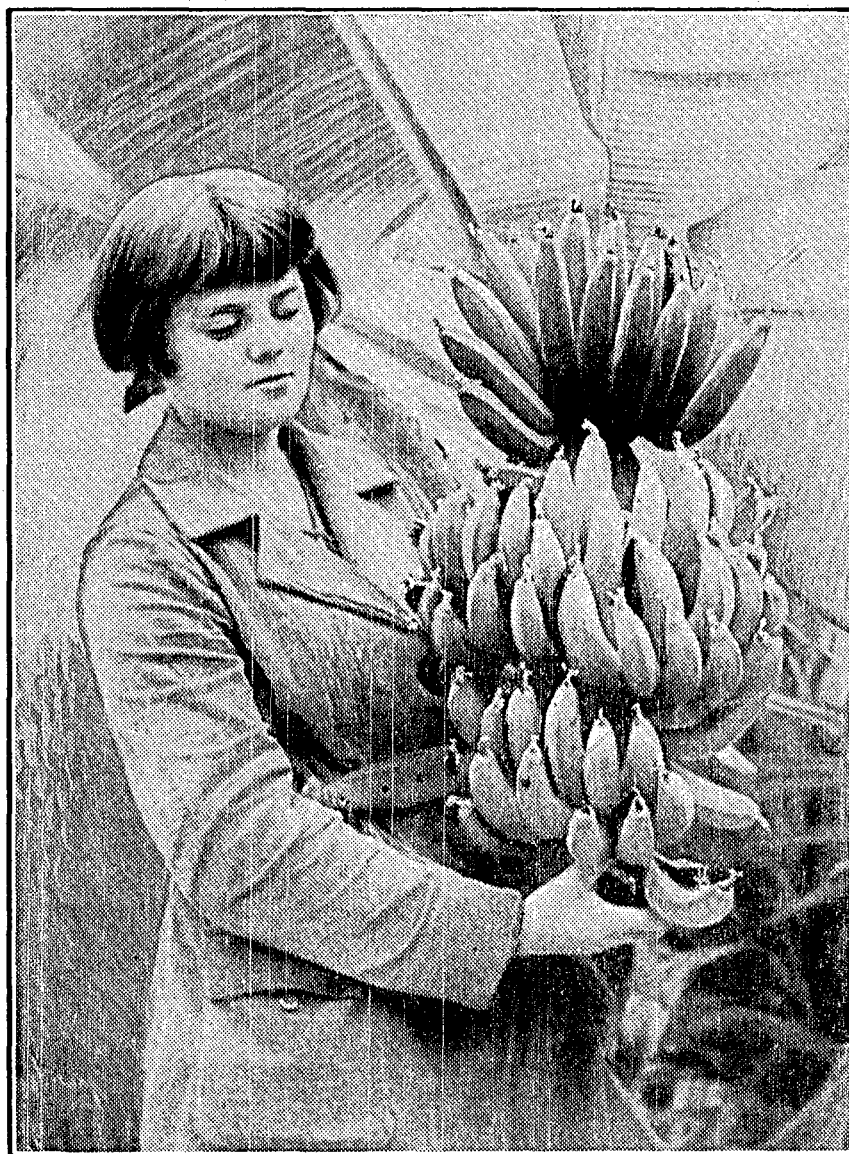
All the time we were plunging across the sandy waste, and at last we came upon natives herding goats. They told us, through our interpreter, that we were on the bed of Lake Ngami, but that there had been no water there for years. The next day, miles farther on, we were told the same; they had had no water there since 1925. At last we came upon a small stream flowing southward in the bed of what had once been a river. This was all that is left of the great Okavango River rising in Angola and flowing south through Namaland into the lake.

Water Under the Desert

The Okavango breaks into several parts and runs through many channels. Once they all found their way to the lake; at present none does so. The stream we came upon just reached the village of Tsau, five or six miles from the lake, and there it disappeared in sand.

What is the cause of this disappearance of a great lake? Some people think this part of the crust of the Earth is steadily rising, that the water is keeping its level, and that the rivers are therefore underground. Those who

Grown in London



While London has been in the grip of winter bananas have been growing in the capital. This splendid bunch of 150 bananas was grown in a hothouse at the Royal Botanic Society's Garden in Regent's Park

hold this theory point to the fact that you need only to dig down a few feet in the northern Kalahari to come to water, vile-tasting brackish stuff. They also point to the trees that flourish for miles on the sandy waste, and could not live if they had not some secret source of water supply. There are also occasional sand-rivers in this area; river-beds now filled with soft sand, and down below the sand there is actually running water.

Others hold that the cause is simply shortage of rain. There have been no heavy rains on the northern Kalahari for some years, and as the rivers have come down from Angola they have been sucked up by the thirsty land and have not had a chance of reaching the bed of the lake.

Thus, with its supplies cut off, the lake has slowly evaporated, and what Livingstone saw as an inland sea 200 miles round is now a dry and sandy flat over which scraggy cattle wander in search of grass and travellers ride in motor-cars.

See World Map

FIFTY MEN ON AN ICE-FLOE

FLOATING IN THE CASPIAN SEA

Extraordinary Adventure
Ending in a Great Surprise

HOME, SWEET HOME

An astonishing adventure has befallen fifty fishermen in the Caspian Sea.

They were carried off on an ice-floe in a sudden storm while going on horse-back to fish. Whether they thought the ice was part of the land till it broke away we do not know. But this is certain, a gale sprang up and they found themselves sailing off helplessly into the gloom.

They did not dare to hope for rescue. It seemed only a question of whether they would die of cold on the ice with their horses or be swept away from their slippery perches by the heavy seas.

There were doubtless some who prayed in silence and some who blamed their bad luck and some who tried to joke. Probably there was hardly anyone there who did not think with regret of things he had left undone.

Something Like a Miracle

And then it seemed as if a miracle had happened. The ice-floe took them home. Of course they had been missed, but rescue parties did not know where to look for them. Then the ice-floe was seen approaching the land, and there were several little black specks on it; moving, alive!

Probably the rescued men still pinch themselves occasionally to make sure that they are awake, and not dreaming in Davy Jones's locker. How sweet Home, Sweet Home must have seemed to them when at last they saw their own familiar shore! It would be interesting to know what they think about it all today—whether they have become better neighbours and citizens since they returned. Do they feel as if destiny had offered them a second chance to live well? Or do they think it was only through good luck that the wind brought them shoreward, and do they live as if they had never sailed the stormy seas on an ice-floe?

It is lucky for them that they were fifty. If only one fisherman had had so strange an adventure a day might have come when his grandchildren would have said: "Poor old man, he believes the story himself; but of course it never happened. It is one of his daydreams." *See World Map*

AN OLD SOLDIER PASSES ON

Alexander Gaydon, a fine old man of 94, has just died in Barrow. Two of his proudest memories were that he fought in the Crimea and was in the first ironclad to cross the Bay of Biscay.

A DINNER PARTY IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE

A party of young English and American business men of Cairo and their friends gave a dinner not long ago simultaneously in London and Cairo.

In London, at six o'clock, their 350 guests sat down to roast beef, two vegetables, plum pudding, oranges, nuts, and other good cheer. At the same time, at eight o'clock in Egypt, the hosts sat down to a dinner of lentils, bread and cheese, and water. As nearly as possible at the same moment the hosts and guests toasted each other in water and lemonade.

Each of the hosts had subscribed five shillings to the dinner, but as the lentils and bread and cheese only came to threepence-halfpenny a head there was enough over to provide this liberal fare for their 350 guests, who were collected from among the most destitute men in London.

We think we can guess which of these parties enjoyed the dinner most.

THE BEND IN THE RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE

WHERE DOES IT LEAD?

The Gospel of the Universe
According to Jeans

FAITH IN GOD

The Mysterious Universe. By Sir James Jeans (Cambridge Press. 3s 6d).

A mysterious Universe it is, in spite of all the delightful things Sir James Jeans tells us about it. A mysterious Universe it will remain when the last wise man has said his last wise word. That is what we feel on putting down this book.

We all know Sir James Jeans now. We have had book after book from his magic pen. We have had him talking at our firesides in his delightful way. We hear him discussed wherever we may be. Those of us who would spend an understanding hour or two in his congenial company, considering things in a way not altogether too simple but certainly not altogether above our heads, might buy this little book with much profit. We do not pretend to understand it all, but it is said there are only about six men in the world who do understand these new ideas that Science is getting into its head about the Universe.

The Ball We Play With

Perhaps it does not matter, for these ideas themselves may pass away, as other ideas have passed; and yet the world will be with us, as of old. But perhaps it does matter, for, on the other hand, these ideas may never pass away, but may be true. We do not know. That is the enthralling thing about the great game of knowledge. We may be on the track of a will-o'-the-wisp or on the track of truth: we do not know.

Perhaps we may think of it all as we think of a ball that we play with. Some of us are interested in the ball and the stuff it is made of, how it is made, the way its millions of little bits all hold together, its bouncing and spinning and rolling; it is all very interesting. Others will say that, after all, it is what we are doing with the ball that matters. Are we bowling well? Are we scoring? Are we playing cricket?

The World We Live In

What we like about Sir James Jeans is his frankness, the refreshing honesty of a wise man who knows everything and tells us he knows nothing. For ourselves we do not understand this mathematical Universe that has sprung up in the last few years; we much prefer the world we live in. We do not understand that the pen we write with, and the machine that prints this, and the Dome of St Paul's, and our hilltop in Kent, and the little blue Roman vase in a cabinet there, are all just waves, whatever waves may be. But we do find it consoling when Sir James Jeans tells us that probably the outstanding achievement of modern physics is the general recognition that we are not yet in contact with ultimate reality. A vast distance from reality much of our science seems to be.

The Plain Man's Position

But what we like about Dr Jeans, when we have passed over the pages we do not understand, is his frank acceptance of the plain man's position; that consequences must have causes, that the world is not a product of accident or chance, but that it was designed with purpose. Mind is not to him an accidental intruder into the realm of matter; it is something that we ought rather to hail "as the creator and governor of the realm of matter." The Universe, according to Dr Jeans,

HAPPINESS STAMP

LITTLE NATION AND THE LITTLE ONES

Switzerland Leads the World
With a Good Idea

P.M.G. PLEASE COPY

Little and good is a description that can be truly applied to Switzerland as to several other small countries; and visitors often remark on the happy outlook of the Swiss people.

Perhaps one of the reasons for this is the great interest they take in children. Invalid children in little Switzerland have a great advantage over other poor children; if once they can get to the mountains, to breathe the life-giving Alpine air and lie in the sun, they are almost sure to get better.

For this purpose money is collected in Switzerland every year by a most ingenious plan. *The children are sent to the Alps by post.* It is done in this way.

Every December a set of three or four stamps is on sale throughout Switzerland. They are sold at a small premium, and the extra money is distributed among Swiss organisations for children.

The Children's Month

These Pro Juventute stamps, as they are called, are very popular with collectors, and thousands of pounds are raised by this simple means. The stamps are only on sale during December, the month when everybody feels like giving and when children are specially remembered. They can be bought at any post office, and in many towns the boys and girls go round from house to house selling them.

The Swiss people take this opportunity of reminding themselves and the rest of the world what some of their great men have done for mankind. Those who have had the honour of appearing already on these health-bringing stamps are Pestalozzi, the educator; Jean Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross; and Nikolaus von der Flue, the peace-maker of the Swiss Confederation, whose story the C.N. told last year when his portrait appeared on the stamps.

Why Not a Shaftesbury Stamp?

The portrait this time on the 30-centime stamp is of Jeremias Gotthelf, a famous Swiss novelist who died in 1854. His real name was Albrecht Bitzius, but after his first success with a book called *The Peasant's Mirror* he took as his pen-name that of the principal character in the book.

How splendid it would be if next Christmas we could put on all our Christmas letters and parcels a stamp with a portrait of, say, Lord Shaftesbury on it, to remind us that the more friendly letters and jolly presents we sent by post the more little cripples and invalids would be running about and enjoying themselves the following Christmas.

Will the Postmaster-General please think it over? There is hardly anybody who would mind an extra halfpenny on their Christmas stamps, and in any case the Stamp of Happiness would be quite voluntary and only those who wished to use it would need to do so.

Continued from the previous column

"shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds."

At least we know where this deep thinker stands in an age of much sham thinking. The river of knowledge has, as Dr Jeans says, made a sharp bend in the last few years; but it has brought us to a point of vision from which we see that, however mysterious it may be, the world is fashioned and controlled by a Creative Mind. Whatever does or does not exist, there exists nowhere on Earth the slightest reason for mankind to lose its faith in God.

ROBOT WATCHMAN

PROTECTING THE CROWN JEWELS OF PERSIA

An Invisible Ray of Light at
Burlington House

THE SELENIUM CELL

At one end of a gallery of the Persian Art Exhibition is a raised dais where are displayed treasures of gold and jewels sent by the Shah from Teheran.

A cord of silk visibly bars off spectators from the case of Crown Jewels, but about the treasure another cord is stretched which is quite invisible but is immensely more efficient.

Anyone who should stretch an arm across this invisible barrier would feel nothing, but as his arm crossed it an electric hooter would blare out and at the same instant glow lamps would flash out at every door of the Royal Academy. The reason is that surrounding the dais are invisible rays, and when an arm, or even an umbrella, crosses their path electric contacts are broken which in their turn sound the hooter and light the warning lamps.

Light and Electricity

This is one of the latest illustrations of the uses of the selenium cell, which has been developed by the Radiovisor Company. The effects produced depend on the strange properties of the metal selenium and its remarkable property of changing its electrical conductivity according to the amount of light falling on it.

It was in 1872 that this sensitiveness to light of selenium was discovered, and Mr Shelford Bidwell described it to the Society of Telegraph Engineers. Sir William Preece, of the Post Office, had been telling of the marvels of the microphone by which the footsteps of a fly could be magnified to sound like the tramp of a horse crossing a wooden bridge, and Mr Bidwell said he could tell them of a greater marvel. By the aid of a telephone and a selenium cell he had heard a ray of light falling on a bar of metal.

Selenium's Manifold Uses

Since that day the powers of the photo-electric cell, which is made artificially sensitive to light, have been continuously developed, but the selenium cell still beats it. Selenium still gives a thousand to a million times as much response as any photo-electric cell.

Its uses are manifold. Its ability to respond to the interposition of any object crossing an invisible ray from one selenium cell to another, at the Persian Art Exhibition, has been described. It can therefore be employed as a fire or burglar alarm.

It can also be applied in automatic machines for counting the cancellations of stamps, and even counting carcasses of meat.

Automatic Street Lighting

Street lighting and train signalling can be controlled by it. The density of fog or smoke can be estimated by it, the shutters of photographic cameras can be marked by it. In addition it will magnify cable signals.

Dyes can be matched with its aid, so sensitive it is to the changing wavelengths of different coloured light. Street lighting can be controlled by it, for it can operate switches automatically to turn the light off or on. This automatic lighting device has been supplied to 120 corporations, district councils, and electric supply companies. It may shortly be applied in controlling railway carriage lighting, turning on the lights in a tunnel.

In short, the selenium cell has become one of the wonder Robots of our mechanical and electric Age. *Picture on page 9*

500 DUTCHMEN BUSY

Snatching Land from the
Zuyder Zee

WORLD'S BIGGEST PUMP

By the side of the Zuyder Zee people may watch strange happenings.

After seven months of pumping Wieringen Meer is dry. This is the first of the four Zuyder Zee polders, or areas of reclaimed land, won from the sea to make a fertile new province for Holland.

Not a moment is being lost by the industrious Dutch people in beginning to cultivate the floor of the Zuyder Zee, which is here twelve feet below the level of the sea. It has excellent soil, although it will be some time before the salt deposit disappears. Five hundred of Holland's unemployed are now at work making roads and trenches and 800 miles of ditches. There will soon be many human habitations where lately the tides ebbed and flowed, for 500 farmhouses are being built for small farmers.

As soon as these are ready the workmen, at present living in movable barracks, will be lodged in the barns attached to the farmhouses. They will be looked after by the farmers' wives, who will wash and cook for them.

A Mighty Dam

Five millions have been already spent on reclaiming this polder, which is the smallest of the four. But it has been the most difficult part of the work on account of interruptions by tides and rough water.

Reclaiming the 513 million acres still under the Zuyder Zee will be much easier, for the mighty dam which is being built from Wieringen to Friesland will enclose all four polders, and within it the workmen will be able to go straight ahead with the work in calm water, with no tidal interruption. One of the pumping installations is the largest in the world; it has a pumping capacity of 856 million gallons in 24 hours.

The dyke which spans the Zuyder Zee will be over 18 miles long when it is completed next autumn. It will be crossed by a two-way railway line with a motor-road by the side of it and a path for cyclists, for every other person in Holland rides a bicycle.

What a wonderful run it will be for motorists along that straight, brick-surfaced road of the future!

When all the polders are reclaimed the Zuyder Zee will dwindle into a humble wedge-shaped lake of fresh water called the Yssel Meer, and Amsterdam will be an inland port.

We are glad to hear that the Zuyder Zee fishermen are to be compensated.

THINGS SAID

Wise spending is good thrift.

Sir Charles Addis

Land developers mean land destroyers.

Sir Beach Thomas

People do not realise how cheap books are.

Mr Arnold Bennett

Our statesmen have a fit of squander-mania.

Lord Ullswater

America's fate is sealed; the future belongs to Spain.

Count Keyserling

Disarmament is as necessary to our honour as to our safety.

Lord Cecil

Seven years without birds would mean the annihilation of the human race.

Mrs Frank Lemah

The 1000 million Savings Certificates now sold would reach nearly twice round the world.

General Seely

War books are frequently just the excuse for reflecting the vulgarity of the writer's mind. Mr J. Howard Whitehouse

A bad year for trade may be good for the book trade; there is a stronger urge to escape into a romantic world.

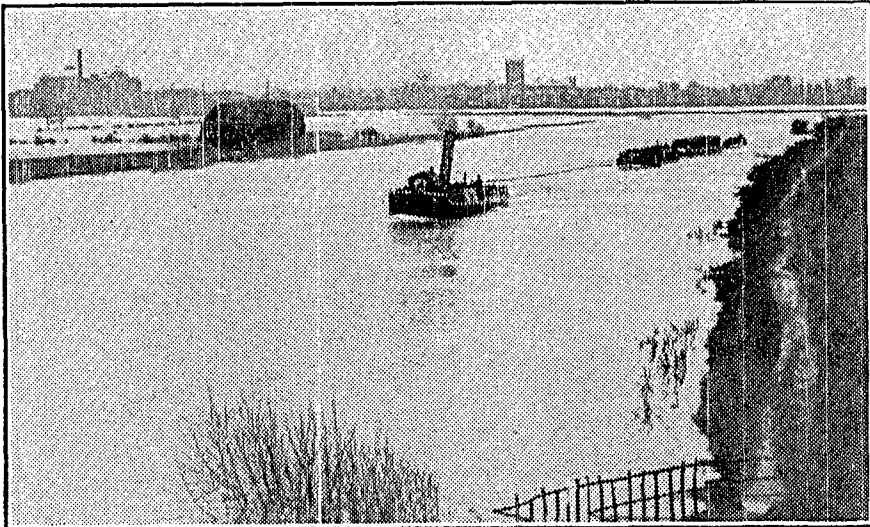
Mr Stanley Unwin

January 24, 1931

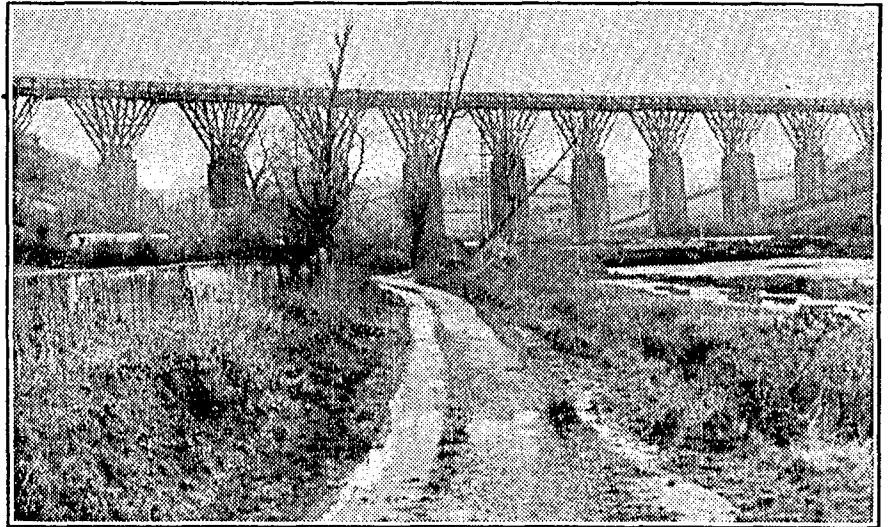
The Children's Newspaper

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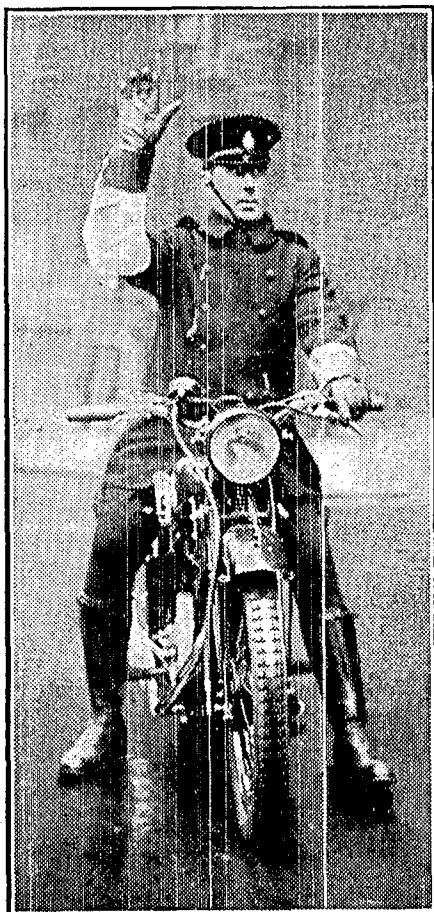
FLOODED RIVERS · THE NEW TRAFFIC POLICE · HERDSMAN ON SKIS



Severn Floods—Low-lying parts of the Severn Valley have been flooded owing to the heavy rains. Here is a tug breasting the flooded waters of the Severn at Tewkesbury, where the waters of the Severn overflowed and joined up with the River Avon.



A Brunel Viaduct—The wooden Carnon Viaduct near Falmouth, built many years ago by Isambard Brunel, the famous engineer of the Great Western Railway, is to be replaced by a new structure. The picture shows the old viaduct.



Mobile Police—The new motor-cycling police are now familiar in many parts of the country. Here is one of them signalling to traffic.



The Expert—Skating enthusiasts from a wide area have enjoyed excellent sport on Kelghley Tarn in Yorkshire recently. Here the photographer has caught an expert in a graceful pose while figure-skating.



Defiance—In this amusing picture a polar bear at the London Zoo is standing with folded arms in quite a human attitude.



Winter Fodder—Two girls on a Sussex farm are here seen cutting and removing the hay on which the cattle are fed during the prevalence of severe weather.



Ski-ing Herdsman—In this picture from Lapland we see a herdsman on skis with one of his reindeer. When rounding-up his herd he is able to travel over the ice and snow at a great speed.

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR

A Fleet Street Vicar's Dream

SION COLLEGE AFTER 300 YEARS

Many happy returns to a good work that was begun by a Londoner just three centuries ago.

In the year of the Puritan emigration to New Zealand Sion College was opened in London Wall. Lovers of Fleet Street will like to remember that it was founded by a vicar of St Dunstan's in Fleet Street, Dr Thomas White, who left £3000 for establishing an almshouse for 20 people and for buying a house where clergy could "maintain love by conversing together."

It was a beautiful idea; the old vicar must have noticed that people who believe ill of each other often find, on coming face to face, that there is something lovable in all of us. Only let men meet and they must be friends, he thought.

Sion College is really a club without an entrance fee, and with the modest subscription of a guinea and a half for incumbents and a guinea for clergymen who have no benefice. Yet the college is better than most of the expensive clubs, for it possesses a wonderful library, and each year spends £400 on new books.

Treasures of the Library

Here are a second folio Shakespeare, six Caxtons, and a copy of the very first book printed in the City of London. No other copy is known to exist.

Most clergymen today are as poor as church mice, but they are book-lovers, and it is good to think of the intellectual wealth they may count as theirs, thanks to a kindly vicar of Fleet Street who founded this college some 14 years after Shakespeare died, and who may perhaps have actually seen Shakespeare. It is good to think, too, that his work has grown. Originally the college opened its pleasant rooms only to the City clergy, but now the clergy of many dioceses may enjoy its comforts and profit by its magnificent library.

Sion College has moved from London Wall to the Blackfriars end of the Thames Embankment, next door to the C.N. office, but in moving and growing it has not lost sight of its first beautiful purpose—which is to help men to maintain love by conversing together.

WHO ARE THEY?

Here is a list of words to guess at. The only prize is a surprise.

Timne	Colfox	Pilditch
Viant	Cove	Messer
Sitch	Dagger	Muff
Alpass	Dumnic	Murnin
Attlee	Quibell	Mort
Ruggles-Brise	Pybus	Oman

And this is the surprise. Each of these curious-looking words represents one of the rulers of our country. They are all members of Parliament.

Thirty years ago a good journalist knew every name in Parliament. We wonder how many today can remember the names of one in ten.

It is a help to know that Long and Short, Broad and Little are there, and interesting to know that the welfare of animals should receive much attention in our laws, for there sit in the House of Commons a Lamb, a Bullock, a Cobb, a Fox, a Gossling, and a Cockerill.

There is even a Salmon and a Rodd to catch him with.

Big Ben was heard the other day in a wireless programme in Japan.

With a stiff breeze against him a young Olympic runner (James Carlton) has run 100 yards in 9½ seconds.

Whales worth £560,000 were taken by an Anglo-Norwegian fleet during the last three months of 1930.

SHIPS AND MINES

A Change at Sea and Its Effect on Land

WHY MINES ARE IDLE

The big change which has taken place in the use of oil at sea is one of the great and abiding causes of unemployment in the coal mines.

An extraordinary change has occurred in the sixteen years since 1914, and the facts are so important that we put them on record. This table shows the motive power of sea-going ships:

	1914	1930
Moved by Sails	8 per cent.	2 per cent.
Moved by Oil Fuel	3 per cent.	40 per cent.
Moved by Coal	89 per cent.	58 per cent.

In these few figures lies an amazing history of change at sea. Sails, it will be seen, have almost disappeared. Coal-moved ships, which in 1914 were nearly nine-tenths of the whole, are now only 58 per cent. Ships using oil fuel, which in 1914 were almost negligible, have now risen to 40 per cent.

Rapid Industrial Changes

There could be no more marked illustration of the rapidity with which industrial changes take place in our time. Who could have imagined that this transformation, affecting sailors, engineers, and miners, would have taken place in only sixteen years?

No industry, however long established, can now be regarded as safe against drastic change. Invention in a few years completely alters industrial methods.

A very large amount of unemployment for British miners is indicated in this eloquent but brief table. Tens of thousands of miners have been thrown out of work, and there seems little doubt that in the next ten or fifteen years coal will have altogether disappeared from sea-going ships.

LANCASHIRE'S GREAT NEW ROAD

Three Millions Being Spent

Where cornfields and cottages and mansions formerly stood 2½ miles of a new highway are taking shape in the county of Lancashire.

In three years' time one of the finest roads in England will run from Liverpool to Manchester. It will cost £3,000,000, is planned to cover 600 acres, and only about two miles of it are on the track of an existing road.

At present the carriage-way is being made 40 feet wide with footpaths of ten feet, but when the need arises it can be paved to a full extent of 120 feet. Another feature is a circus, 240 feet wide, laid out at every important crossing.

Over thirty bridges have to be built, so that steel-workers in Scotland and quarrymen in Wales and Derbyshire will have more to do.

This splendid new line of communication will greatly benefit the towns which it unites.

A STEAMER PACKED UP

How It Goes to Puno

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's motor-ship La Paz has just left Liverpool for South America.

In her hold is packed a complete steamship, capable of carrying 100 passengers and heavy cargo.

At Mollendo, in Peru, all these thousands of plates, rivets, funnels, boilers, engines, fittings, and furniture will be repacked into trains and carried 220 miles to Puno, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, 12,500 feet above the sea, where the ship will be assembled for entering the Lake service.

This is the eighth steamer to be sent to Puno in this way; the first was sent in 1861. See World Map

EMPIRE'S DAIRY FARM

Why the New Zealander Wears a Long Face

The wide world is a very small place after all; and not much different in some ways from a village with one butcher, one baker, and one candlestick-maker.

That is why New Zealanders have been wearing such long faces for a year past, for 1930 proved a year of low prices for butter, cheese, wool, and meat, which New Zealand sends to London to help to supply the needs of the British people.

Everyone in New Zealand is poorer than at other times when the prices of butter and wool have fallen in London. A year ago New Zealand farmers were getting 1s 6d a pound for wool; now they are getting 6d. They were getting 1s 6d a pound for their butter; now they have to be content with 1s.

Commodities and Prices

The price of butter in Tooley Street, the price of meat at Smithfield, and the price of wool at Bradford regulate the price of these commodities at the ends of the Earth.

One part of the world cannot get along without the rest of the world. Most of the butter which New Zealand farmers make is of no value in New Zealand itself, for the people could not use it, just as the people of the West Riding of Yorkshire cannot use all the cloth they weave in their factories.

We can think of New Zealand as the Empire's dairy farm, of Canada as the Empire's granary, of England as the Empire's workshop, and so on. So we must be on good terms with our neighbours near at home and far away.

SANCTUARY

A Million Acres for Birds

*O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
O Swallow, flying from the golden woods.*

The American Board of Agriculture has taken steps to secure for migratory birds their ancient feeding and resting-places during their long flights up and down the continent.

Last year surveys of food resources for birds were made in three and a half million acres in 48 States, and the land was valued with a view to purchasing over a million acres. The first two reserves have already been purchased, and two other areas have been set aside for migrating birds in land already in the public domain.

Congress has also authorised the spending of £50,000 for establishing one of these Bird Refuges.

IS THE RAIL SAFE?

A Device for Finding Out

Two Japanese engineers, Suzuki and Sakurai, have invented a device by which a shoe runs over a railway line and registers any fault in the rails.

Most of us take railway travelling as a matter of course, and know little of the science employed in testing the track for safety. But the Japanese shoe, which is really an electric search coil, shaped to fit over the head of the rail, is likely to lighten the task of the engineers who guard the safety of the travelling public.

PLACES SPOILING THEMSELVES

We are sorry to have to add to our list of places that are spoiling themselves by petrol pumps or posters these places on the Great North Road:

Woolmer Green near Stevenage.
Baldock near Hitchin.
Wyboston near St Neots.

And to our list of ugly railway bridges we are sorry to have to add the one at Kibworth near Leicester.

THE BEST THING TO BURN

Searching For Fuels

COKE VERSUS COAL

The best shape for our grates, the best material to burn in them, the question of how often we should use the poker with them, are among the subjects dealt with in a new Government book.

The Fuel Research Board has been investigating the many ways in which coal and its products can be used most economically and efficiently in our industries. Today as much coal is specially carbonised into coke fuel for our iron industry as all our gasworks produce.

Any improvement in the quality of coke used in our iron and steel industry is of benefit to the whole country, and the use of a wider range of coals in the production of this coke will help the mining industry.

A Great Need

This study of coke ovens may lead to a much-needed revolution of our domestic hearth. What is needed above all in the homes of our towns is a fuel that is both cheap and smokeless.

The Government report states that the cokes giving most heat burn longest without poking and the ash chokes the fire in grates with bars less than in grates of the well-type. The low-temperature coke gives out much more heat during the first hour than either coal or high-temperature coke, and the best-sized lumps to use in the modern kitchen range are about half an inch in mesh.

In another interesting test in a vertical bar grate it was proved that more coal was burned each hour than low-temperature coke, and almost twice as much as high-temperature coke.

Pure coal is rapidly becoming our most expensive as well as our dirtiest and unhealthiest fuel.

THE DINOSAUR PASSED BY

Tracks in British Columbia

Close to a trading post on Peace River in British Columbia tracks of the dinosaur have been found. It is the most northerly point at which traces of this ancient monster have been found up to the present time.

Here, about 475 miles north of the international boundary line, Peace River has carved out a deep canyon and laid bare many layers of rock. At the time the dinosaur roamed here there was a chain of fresh-water lakes, probably connected with the great salt inland sea which stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic. There were no Rocky Mountains then, though the rocks containing the footprints are now among the foothills of that mighty range. The great beasts lived on the west side of the inland sea.

More than 400 tracks have been found, and at least five species of dinosaur must have made them. The largest tracks are two feet square, and sunk seven inches into the rock. See World Map

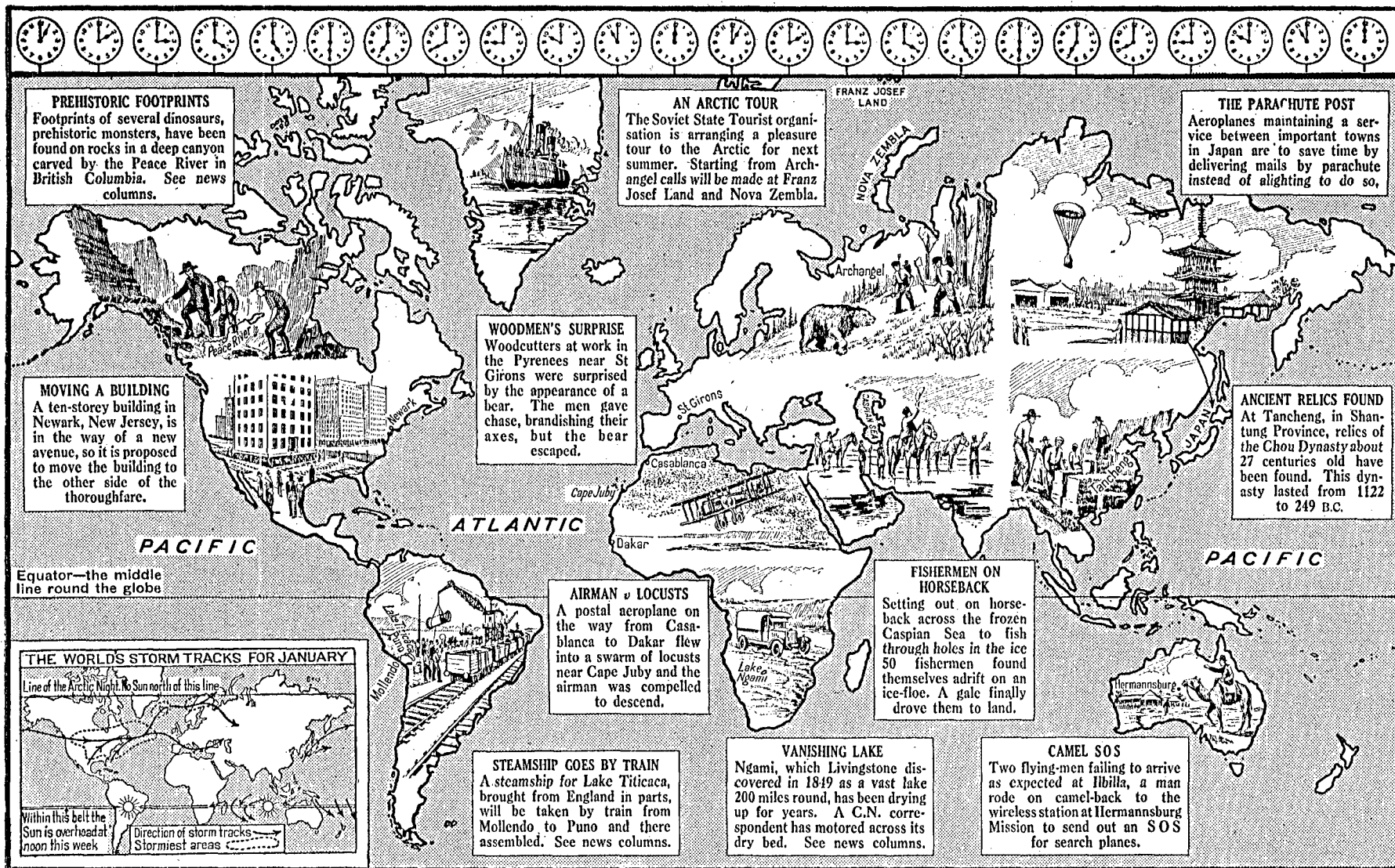
REMARKABLE POWER OF A RARE ELEMENT

What Gallium Will Do

Yet another of the rare or unused elements is likely to find a use. It is the element known as gallium.

It has now been found that, while this greyish-white metal melts at 86 degrees, a warm summer shade temperature, it remains liquid and does not boil even if raised to 3000 degrees. Mercury boils at a temperature between 600 and 700 degrees, and cannot, of course, be used for thermometers to record above this temperature. Gallium opens up new possibilities in the measurement of heat, and may turn out to be a very useful element.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BIBLE LANGUAGE LIVES AGAIN

A Great Poet's Work

Chaim Nacham Bialik has been spending a few days in London.

He is not known to most of us, yet this distinguished visitor from Jerusalem is considered the greatest Hebrew poet since the 12th century.

When Bialik was a boy Hebrew was one of the dead languages, but he has seen his beloved tongue revive until it is now one of the official languages of a British Mandated Territory. But for the devotion of Bialik and other scholars Hebrew would not have been restored to daily use, but might have remained no more than the language of the synagogue and of the correspondence between learned Jews, as Latin was used by Christian scholars in the past.

Bialik felt it a reproach that the dialect known as Yiddish should be the common tongue of Jews all over the world, and he has devoted his life to writing in Hebrew, with such genius that his works are sold in thousands to Gentile and Jew, and have been translated into every important language.

TWO MONTHS IN A VOLCANO

A geologist is going to live for two months in the crater of an Alaskan volcano, and is travelling 6000 miles by dog sledge over ice and snow to reach it, as mentioned recently on the C.N. Map.

Father Bernard Hubbard, of Santa Maria University, California, has made an appointment with Professor Clisholm to meet him in Alaska in the spring, and together they will enter the Moon Crater of Aniakhak, one of the largest in the world, and not yet quiet, to study its rocks, lava, glaciers, and so on.

On his journey by the Yukon trail Father Hubbard will live at temperatures below zero and will have to exist on coffee and frozen beans.

A MAN WHO WENT WITH SCOTT

Admiral Sir Charles Royds

On the Eve of the Epiphany, the Feast of the Star, Admiral Sir Charles Royds passed on into the Unseen.

Long years before, in 1882, his uncle, Commander Wyatt Rawson, fell mortally wounded at 29 while leading the British troops by night across the trackless desert to Tel-el-Kebir.

"It was a star I led them by," he cried when he was dying, "a star, a star!"

Charles Royds followed the star of high endeavour all his life. He saved a life at sea. He was a member of Scott's first expedition to the Antarctic, and his shipmates in the Discovery would tell how his gift for music, with his sunny and kindly disposition, helped to cheer them during the long, dark winter of the Frozen South.

"Whenever there were signs of any irritation or weariness among us," said one, "Royds used to go to the piano and play, and in a very short time he had all of us singing, as jolly again as could be."

The death of his friends in the second Scott Expedition was a bitter grief to him. Now he has rejoined them, sailing beyond the sunset and the stars. He, as they, possessed the "equal temper of heroic hearts."

His, too, was the will "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

GOOD NEWS FOR LITTLE FISHES

A layer of ice formed over a lake is sometimes sufficient to destroy the fish, which become suffocated through lack of air.

Some interesting work has been done in saving the fish by cutting holes in the ice and running the propeller of a motor-boat for several days in the water. The movement caused in the water draws in air through the holes in the ice, and mixes it in, with the result that the fish are preserved.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

A Boy Falls 1000 Feet

There can hardly be another boy in the world besides Jimmy Scott who has slid 1000 feet down an Alpine gully and lived to tell the tale.

His adventure was near Chateau d'Oex in Switzerland, where he and another schoolboy had climbed the Gunclesclen for the pleasure of glissading down it, as the guides do with their ice axes.

But he had only an Alpine stick, and shortly after the great slide had begun he gathered such speed that he could not check his downward run.

The stick failed him, and he shot aside over the brink of the incline into an avalanche gully. Down this he slid and plunged for 1000 feet till he was brought up in soft snow.

He might have been killed. He very nearly was, and he broke an arm and lay there unconscious. But the strangest part of the story is to come. He recovered consciousness, and then this hardy Scots boy, from Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, picked himself up again and stumbled along till he reached a mountain chalet!

OUR AGE AND ITS OPPORTUNITY

Taking a party round Chester Cathedral, Dean Bennett, refusing to apologise for calling attention to something new in that old place, expressed the hope that one or other of the new dioceses in England would build a cathedral of steel, concrete, and glass, and in this way represent our epoch as the Normans did their own.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 22 hrs.	Falmouth . . . 4'52 ins.
Rainfall . . . 1'81 ins.	Liverpool . . . 3'74 ins.
Wet days . . . 15	Dublin . . . 3'11 ins.
Dry days . . . 16	Tynemouth . . . 2'55 ins.
Warmest day . . . 27th	Gorleston . . . 1'96 ins.
Coldest day . . . 10th	Edinburgh . . . 1'25 ins.

GOOD BLACK SHEEP

How They Paid For a Poor Man's Dinner

KINDNESS ACROSS THE WORLD

In nearly every flock there is a black sheep which the farmer does not value as much as his white-fleeced sheep.

These black sheep have a special value for the Rev F. W. Whibley, of North Island, New Zealand.

Every year he goes round to all the farmers in the neighbourhood of his parish asking them to spare him the fleeces of their black sheep. He must travel great distances to make his collection, for the auctioneers who sell them for him always make £100 or £150. This money is sent every year to the Church Army in London to be spent on giving a Christmas dinner to the homeless and destitute.

Ever since the war this dinner has been held. At first it always took place in London, but last year it was held in Manchester and this year in Glasgow, for the Church Army knows all the places where the down-and-outs may be found.

New Zealand children are now helping Mr Whibley by collecting enough money to give a good dinner to poor children in England every Christmas.

A COVENT GARDEN FOR CANADA

Montreal is to have a great fruit and vegetable market like Covent Garden.

A steel and concrete building, three storeys high, will contain an auction room to seat 200 buyers. Wide tracks are to run along two sides of it to allow the unloading of fifty freight cars, each holding forty tons, while great platforms outside will accommodate 150 lorries.

All this is to be carried out by Canadian National Railways as part of their £10,000,000 terminal scheme, and work has already begun.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 24 1931

A Trade That Should Not Grow Up

AN industry has made its appearance in the returns of British export trade which we are not glad to see there. We would rather it did not exist.

Britain is now exporting aircraft to the value of about two million pounds a year.

A large part of this export consists of military aircraft. Only recently we have seen daily newspapers boasting that we are exporting military aeroplanes to nine countries, one particular fighter being described as having a speed of 170 miles an hour.

What an amazing thing this war industry has come to be! It is, of course, the interest of Britain as an island not only to remain at peace, but to secure the general disarmament of nations, yet we see it made a boast that we are doing a roaring trade in selling aeroplanes which may by-and-by be used to attack our own country.

We have read that the Balkans are becoming more peaceful, yet one of the triumphs claimed for one of our big aeroplane firms is that it has sold large numbers of fighting aeroplanes to Greece.

Then we are given particulars of a charming machine called Fury which is capable of climbing to a height of 20,000 feet in less than twelve minutes and has a speed of over 200 miles an hour.

Each new invention in armaments is something done to make the next war more deadly. And, of course, fighting aircraft differs from other armaments in the important fact that it cannot be used without attacking the civilian population, without making war on the old, the sick, and the infant in its cradle.

The C.N., therefore, does not print any rejoicings over this trade in fighting aircraft. It regards these machines as murderous weapons which can only be used to make war more horrible, more treacherous, more beastly, and more cowardly than it has ever been.

Even Attila the Hun had merciful moments in which he spared women and children after making a conquest. The airman, however, brave and humane as he may be as a man, has to obey orders; and when his orders are to bomb an enemy country he cannot by any possible means prevent his bombs from falling on women and children in that country.

That is what happens unless we actively build up peace. If we do not work for Peace, think for Peace, seek Peace vigilantly and earnestly, we are working for War, thinking for War, marching certainly and inevitably to War. It is for each one of us in this New Year to say which we will have. Peace waits until every man wants it. Then it comes.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Sheep and the Goats

THINGS seem to have been very simple in the good old days. A hundred-years-old newspaper we have been looking through reports the formation of a constitutional club in Kent in which will be combined all the rank, property, and respectability of the county. The newspaper hoped that such a commendable example would be followed throughout the kingdom.

Life must have been easy when all you had to do was to join with the sheep inside a club or remain with the goats outside.

£7000,000,000

It has been reckoned that this country has spent seven thousand million pounds on drinking and gambling since the war. It would have paid the National Debt.

The Boy Who Loves the Hills

WE have been delighted to have from a C.N. family another book for the little fellow we were speaking of here the other day, the invalid boy in a Northern town who is simply mad on reading about mountains.

The book, which comes to us from some unknown friends at Bristol, is one of the entrancing volumes by our great climber Sir Martin Conway, and with it our little man will soar for hours among the mountain peaks. We are sure Sir Martin Conway will like to feel that something of his own joy in climbing will come into the life of this little fellow who can never climb the hills he loves.

The Four Great Men and the Bees

MR WILSON HARRIS, who has as intimate a knowledge of the affairs of Europe as any man in Fleet Street, wonders if there are not four men who could do wonders in getting Europe out of its Slough of Despond, and he names his four: Signor Mussolini, Monsieur Briand of France, Dr Curtius of Germany, and Mr Arthur Henderson.

Turning from his suggestion we came upon Maeterlinck's story of the Bee, in which he reminds us of a wonderful thing about the 80,000 bees in a hive. In this marvellous little city there is a mysterious power whose unspoken behests every bee obeys. The wax-workers, the architects, the masons, the soldiers, are all obedient to some mysterious decree. Each unit, we may say, is in the hands of a subtle power which Maeterlinck calls the spirit of the hive.

Thinking it all over, it seems to us that it can never be well with men until they have the spirit of the hive, each one putting his share of energy into the life of the world, and putting more into the common stock than he takes out.

Two Items From Glasgow

Two unusual things happened the other night in Glasgow.

Sir Thomas Lipton gave the Lord Provost Ten Thousand Pounds for the poor mothers of the city.

One of the members of Parliament for the city went into a den of lions.

We think Sir Thomas Lipton's act was wise and kind.

The Very Stones Speak

How the very stones of an ancient land can speak!

In two old churches we have come upon two tiny stone coffins—one in Alfred's town of Wantage, where he played as a boy, and one in that remarkable old town of his Saxon Kingdom, Bradford-on-Avon. A thousand years and more have passed, and these stone coffins in which two little children lay are there to tell their story.

Tip-Cat

A COUNTRYWOMAN in London misses the washing hanging out to dry. It is usually a side line.

A SCIENTIST says that some day the Moon will crash into the Earth. Then we shall see stars.



WHAT is the modern home? asks a correspondent.

Usually a little flat.

HAIRPINS are coming in again, says a fashion writer. And falling out.

MOTOR-CARS can be obtained to suit all pockets, we read. What we want is the car that will fit our pocket.

EXAMINATIONS at Wallington County School were stopped by a fire. Ended in a heat.

SOME laundry-workers work under ideal conditions. Have a ripping time.

FOUR C.N. readers have been delighted to see a photograph of father diving into thin ice. What Daddy did in the Great Thaw!

THERE were fireworks at a banquet the other day. Everything went off splendidly.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A £100,000 cheque has been sent to Dundee Infirmary under a Dundee lady's will.

THE Salvation Army receives over £200,000 under the will of Mr J. B. Holt, a Lancashire brassfounder.

JUST AN IDEA

Peace will come when everybody wants it enough to do something for it.

Poor Boy

THE young people of today have hardly heard of Francis Joseph, the old emperor who ruled in Austria when the war broke out.

But their fathers remember him as one of the most conspicuous figures of his age.

Now two new books about the old emperor have been published, and we find that he was once a human boy. There is no document in these biographies which will please the general reader better than this letter, written by Francis Joseph when he was 13.

Dear Mother, When you come down to lunch and see in front of you the pastries from yesterday's tea, think of

Your obedient but very miserable son

FRANZES.

In bed hopeless.

January 8, 1843.

We hope the poor boy got his pastry, and in any case we rejoice that the empress preserved her son's note to cheer us up on a dull day nearly ninety years after.

Legs

WHEN any part of the body is not used it becomes useless.

If we kept a child from walking and compelled it to sit all its days its legs would wither. Unused muscles shrivel. The braw legs of the Highlander are due to the climbing of Scotland's noble mountains.

We therefore sympathised with the Master of the Rolls, Lord Hanworth, when at a ceremonial setting in motion of a new lift at the Natural History Museum not long ago he humorously suggested that such devices were putting British legs out of action, and added that for himself he never used the lift at the Law Courts as he wished to preserve his legs. We ought to add that Lord Hanworth is a big, strong man as well as a clever one.

It is, we fear, a remarkable fact that the legs of Englishmen are not as fine as they ought to be, and that they compare unfavourably, for example, with those of the French and the Italians. So let us run upstairs two steps at a time whenever we can instead of using the lift, and remember that while a motor-cycle may give us speed it is a sure way to skinny and ill-shaped legs.

Abraham Lincoln to a Young Man

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him.

Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

I would save you from a fatal error. You have been a laborious, studious young man. You are far better informed on almost all subjects than I have been. You cannot fail in any laudable object unless you allow your mind to be improperly directed.

It Shall Rise Again

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again: The eternal years of God are hers: But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among his worshippers.

William Cullen Bryant

January 24, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

BACK TO SLAVERY

TRAGIC TRUTH ABOUT THE NEGRO STATE

The Failure of Freedom in the Liberian Republic

ACTION BY AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

It is one of the tragic ironies of life that a man who has been set free from the power of a tyrant often becomes a tyrant himself.

So it is with nations, as the recent revelations from Liberia show. It is a blot on the League of Nations that it has two member-States in which slavery is still practised. These States are Abyssinia and Liberia, and we have already referred to both in the C.N. But there are new developments in Liberia.

Lincoln's Great Decree

Liberia owes its very existence as a State to the action of an enlightened group of American citizens who, forty years before Abraham Lincoln's great decree, bought land on the West Coast of Africa and established there in 1821 a small colony of freed African slaves. It became a free and independent Republic and, with an immense native population over whom it ruled, it grew rapidly with the freeing of the slaves in America.

Liberia modelled its constitution on that of America, to whose rulers it looked as its sole advisers. The Negroes were sure of themselves in the land in which America had established them. Here was their own country, so much their own that in it no white man could become a citizen or hold property.

Now the tragic thing is that corruption has so increased in Liberia in recent years and a system of forced labour and actual slavery has grown to such an extent that the League sent out a Commission of Inquiry, which has just issued its report.

A Terrible Statement

This report bears out all the facts stated in the C.N. a few weeks ago and discloses a condition of affairs hardly believable today. One of its most terrible statements is that the escape of a slave is followed by the seizure of his family and property and the burning of his house.

So serious is the state of affairs that America has addressed to the President of Liberia a note in stronger language than has appeared in any State document since the war.

The note states that:

In spite of promises the Liberian Government has taken no steps to stop slavery.

Liberian officials hampered the investigations of the Commission of the League by intimidating witnesses.

The Government encouraged acts of retaliation against those who gave evidence.

Officials condemn the slave trade publicly but secretly permit it and practise it.

The report is a shocking indictment, and Liberia will lose the friendship of the United States Government (and of all Governments) unless measures are taken forthwith to abolish slavery and forced labour in that little country.

Can the League Take Action?

One of the worst features is the part played by Vice-President Yancey, who was directly concerned with the shipping of forced labour to Fernando Po.

Yancey and President King hurriedly resigned their office before the report was issued to the world. Will their successors be strong enough to overthrow this terrible evil or can the League itself take action on the spot? It has been estimated that the descendants of the emancipated slaves who originally came from America number only 12,000 today, and they cannot be permitted to recruit slaves from the two million natives who share Liberia with them.

THE CROSS ON CONSTANTINE'S COFFIN

A GERMAN archaeologist, searching among the antiquities of Constantinople, has found the coffin of Constantine the Great.

Great he was, and he sought to found about Byzantium a new Roman Empire. He called the new city New Rome. It has gone; it is forgotten except in the title of the chief Greek Patriarch, who still calls himself Archbishop of Constantinople and New Rome.

The city's name was altered to Constantinople in memory of the Emperor, and so it is known still to the Western World, though the Turks themselves call it Stamboul.

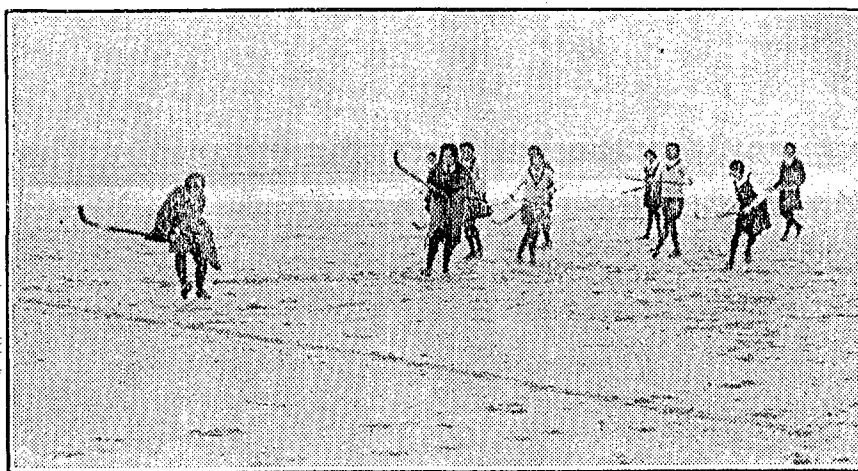
The name is nearly the only enduring thing about Constantine's Empire. His

dominion faded and failed. His ashes were scattered to the winds after the Turks took and sacked the city in 1453. It is by the strangest chance that the coffin remains.

Most of the stone coffins of the Roman dignitaries were used as horse-troughs or as supports for wagon sheds, but this one, on which was put a heavy cross of gold when it was laid in the Christian church of St Irene, has remained there, though the church is now a Turkish military museum.

The cross was long ago torn away for its gold, but its impress remains on the coffin of Egyptian porphyry. Emperor and Empire have vanished, but the Sign of the Cross endures.

HOCKEY ON THE BEACH



A match in progress



A wet part of the pitch

In summer the sands at Weston-super-Mare are thronged by thousands of holiday-makers, but now they provide an excellent hockey field for some of the girls from local schools. These pictures were taken during a recent match.

PARIS TOES THE LINE

BEGINNING with the New Year, the Parisian pedestrian who wished to cross the boulevard found that he must do so between two lines of steel studs laid down in the roadway.

Anywhere else he crossed at the double peril of collision with the motor-car and with the police, for police orders were that the steel-studded path was the only permissible one.

In London at present the pedestrian is only subjected to the suggestion of signposts in one-way streets or at points on the roundabouts which beg him to "Please cross here." But with the practical abolition of the speed-limit and the increasing number of motor-vehicles in the streets of London and of other big towns some definite rules about crossing the road will have to be found. The pedestrian still takes his life in his

own hands when he crosses a busy thoroughfare at the cross-roads of traffic. Something further will have to be done to protect him from his own carelessness or absent-mindedness.

The Parisian steel-studded pathway with the policeman to watch it would be one way.

Another suggestion which has been made is that the danger spots or crossings should be laid with coloured blocks of wood or rubber.

In that way the pedestrian would be informed at once where he stood, and would realise that this or that place was a danger zone. More than one colour could be employed, so that he would know at once in which direction the traffic was moving in a one-way street.

The same system of colouring would act as a guide to the motor-driver.

MOVING ABOUT

STRAIGHTENING-UP OUR TRAFFIC

Royal Commission and the Railways

CARS, TRAINS, AND COACHES

Everyone is interested in transport, and the final Report of the Royal Commission which has been examining this subject for the past few years is brimful of ideas and suggestions.

The report deals with railways, roads, canals, and harbours, criticising what is out-of-date and making proposals which should make for greater efficiency.

The Commissioners have some hard things to say about the railways. They point out that they have not used their monopoly to the best advantage, having ignored the truth that facilities create traffic. The railway locomotive has the great advantage of speed, and there has been no increase of speed in shorter journeys for 80 years. The C.N. has often pointed out that we go home every night at George Stephenson's speed.

Irritating Railway Conditions

There should be a general revision of railway fares, and the passenger should not be subject to so many irritating conditions. The companies should be compelled by law to provide a seat for every passenger at main-line stations.

The Treasury is strongly taken to task for the raids on the Road Fund. The Commissioners rightly point out that all the taxes paid by motorists should be devoted to the roads. Few motor-cars can be called luxuries today. The money paid as taxes on cars and petrol should be spent on the main roads and the ratepayer should be relieved of half his present payment on their maintenance.

Road Reconstruction

Many of the roads should be completely reconstructed to bear the weight of modern traffic; roads should be widened and their junctions with cross-roads improved. While advising the slowing-down of new arterial roads, the making of bypass roads is strongly advocated. Hundreds of weak bridges should be entirely rebuilt, and all tolls should be abolished. New bridges should be built to replace level-crossings.

The Commissioners recommend the use of lorries not exceeding four tons and higher taxation of heavy lorries. It is not in the national interest to divert heavy goods traffic from the railways to the roads.

The trams are declared to be a cause of much delay and danger. They are out-of-date and should be replaced by trackless trolleys and buses.

Canals Not Obsolete

The canals are admitted to be still of service. Amalgamations such as that of the Grand Union Canal Company are recommended, and a railway company should no longer act as a dog-in-the-manger, but should be compulsorily bought out.

The report suggests that Docks and Harbours should be controlled by Public Trusts except where railway companies are doing such good work as at Southampton and Hull. Many of our smaller harbours have been allowed to decay, and the coast traffic has suffered. These ports will be needed again at the end of the existing industrial depression and should not be at the mercy of an impoverished company or a private owner.

Many recommendations in the earlier reports of the Commissioners are already law; we hope some of the new ones soon will be.

THE STREET GANGS OF THE CITY

Centuries Behind the Times

WHY OUR HIGHWAYS HAVE GREEN VERGES

We hear much today of the lawlessness of American cities. Crime of every kind is rife in Chicago, and it seems that practically every form of business in New York is subject to blackmail at the hands of ruffians who extort a toll of twenty million pounds a year.

America prides herself on being progressive and up-to-date; but she is in this matter merely a century or two behind the times. Her bootleggers and gangsters are the twentieth-century edition of the smugglers, outlaws, and brigands which England suppressed long generations since.

It seems incredible now, but in the old days, when feudalism was declining to death and bands of armed retainers no longer followed their lords to private war against other lords, men in irregular armies traversed Europe with fire and sword, capturing castles and cities and holding strong and weak to ransom.

In Froissart's day so many of the younger sons of English families were engaged in this profitable guerilla warfare on the Continent that it was only with difficulty the King of England could persuade Parliament to withdraw from all hostile action in European disputes.

In Old-Time England

Our Robin Hood and his merry men of the greenwood may be only a legend, but they certainly symbolise the life of hundreds of freebooters in the wilds of old-time England. The green verges of our highways which seem to us to have been planned for the delight of the eye, are really practical reminders of the conditions of those times. It was made a law that road authorities should keep clear a space of six feet on each side of the highway, so that robbers should not lurk among trees or undergrowth near enough to the road to make attacks on travellers before they were seen.

The decay of feudalism had left the country with a surplus of about 30,000 men which agriculture and industry could not absorb. They lived mainly in defiance of law, ready to turn their swords to any service, whether for insurrection or clan fights. They were blackmailers to the core, and, exactly in the modern New York fashion, they made the public pay for illusory protection against gangs other than their own.

100 PAPERS GONE

The Institute of Journalists is responsible for the statement that there are one hundred fewer newspapers or periodicals in this country today than five years ago. In the stress of competition one hundred papers and journals of various sorts have disappeared in a few years.

The effect on employment has been remarkable. Think of the paper and the ink, the machinery and the transport: the mere materials of the trade. Think of the printers, compositors, proof-readers, machine-men, foundry-men, engineers, and binders. These workers appear in the unemployment returns. Above them are the journalists, artists, photographers, and contributors. Thousands of these are now out of work, and among them are quite a number of well-known men.

Papers also have a business side, and among those who have lost employment are publishers, managers, advertisement managers and canvassers, secretaries, typists, and clerks.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

A PARASITE AND AN APPLE TREE

Rivals in New Zealand

Noxious weeds thrive so well in the mild climate of New Zealand that scientists are now trying to find insects to keep the weeds in check.

A curious collection of living insects has just reached New Zealand, taken by Dr David Miller, director of noxious weeds research and entomologist at a scientific experimental institute. After studying the insect life of America, England, France, Italy, Germany, and South American republics he secured insects that attack blackberry, gorse, ragwort, and fern which have overgrown expanses of unused land in New Zealand.

To help the fruit-growers Dr Miller arranged for the introduction into New Zealand orchards of a parasite attacking the codlin moth.

Codlin Moth and Woolly Aphis

This will be good news for the apple-growers, for the codlin moth caterpillar eats its way into the core of apples and out again, spoiling the apple for sale. As New Zealand sends a million cases of apples to Britain every year it is most important to keep the moth in check.

Dr Miller has also brought back an apple tree which will resist the woolly aphis, an insect living on the stems of apple trees which has previously been kept in check by spraying.

All this reminds us how constant is the struggle between plants and insects, and how important is the work of the scientists who spend their lives in studying the habits of small creatures.

93,999 PACKAGES GO RIGHT

And One Goes Wrong

What a fuss is made when a traveller loses his bag!

He cries out against the carelessness of the railway porter, the ship's stewards, and so on. And as often as not his own stupidity is the cause.

A year or two ago a clergyman paid his first visit to Weggis, on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne. The Tourist Agency sent him the usual labels for both journeys. On his arrival at the hotel at Weggis his luggage had not turned up from the steamer. The luckless conductor spent the rest of the day on the telephone or wending his way to the landing-stage to inspect every boat.

That night he was seeing off a friend returning home, and there, on the boat, lay the missing luggage with the clergyman's London address carefully written on the label! The clergyman had deliberately done this, he said, for security's sake!

Our transport people are, of course, most careful about luggage, and wiser than this parson. A record was kept by the P. & O. Bombay line last year. Of 95,000 packages from Europe every one was handed to its owner, and of 94,000 packages carried on the return journeys only one disappeared.

HELIUM FOR EVERYBODY

A Chemical Achievement

The terrible disaster to R 101 has had one beneficent result, for the helium of the United States will in future be available to all.

Nearly ten million cubic feet of helium were obtained by the United States from their plants in Texas in 1929. A great deal of it is transported in steel vessels under a pressure of 2000 pounds a square inch.

One of the great achievements of the department producing the helium has been to improve its purity; 100 parts of helium today contain only two parts of impurity, while a year or two ago they contained five.

This means that an airship can lift several tons more weight.

BRAVE MEN AMONG THE BLIZZARDS

The Home of the Blizzard. By Sir Douglas Mawson (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s 6d).

Sir Douglas Mawson, who is now on his way back to Antarctica, here republishes in a cheaper form, but with an abundance of photographs, diagrams, and maps, the story of the Australian Antarctic Expedition in which he was the commander just before the war.

The general plan was to fit up a vessel for icy navigation, land a party of scientific experts on the Antarctic coast, and leave them a year or more to make excursions along the coast and inland, while the ship returned to Australia or New Zealand and renewed supplies, made its own sea observations, and eventually collected and brought home the explorers.

Engulfed in a Crevasse

A number of expeditions were made over the continental ice and snow, from two bases, by various small groups of scientific members of the expedition, and much knowledge was gained. One journey ended in tragedy. Sir Douglas Mawson himself set out for a sledging expedition to the eastward into George the Fifth Land, with Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr Mertz, polar experts, as his companions. Ninnis and his dog team were suddenly engulfed in an unfathomable crevasse, and on the return journey Mertz was prostrated by severe illness and died. The leader of the expedition reached the base in the last stage of exhaustion after many hairbreadth escapes on the treacherous glaciers.

This was at the end of the first year's stay, when Captain J. K. Davis, in the expedition's ship Aurora, was to return and pick up the explorers at each base. But when the Aurora arrived at Adelie Land Mawson had not returned. Davis stayed as long as he could, and then, having to leave, landed fresh stores and left six of the party to wait until the missing men returned, or to adventure forth to find them, or such traces of them as might be discoverable.

Heroism and Loyal Companionship

The Aurora was not out of sight when Mawson staggered back into the camp, and the news of his safety was wirelessed to her, but the weather did not allow of her return, and she made her way westward and picked up Wild and his party from Queen Mary's Land and landed them in Tasmania.

The gallant Mawson and those who waited for him had to stay another year before Captain Davis again returned in the Aurora and finally repatriated them to South Australia.

All the journeys and doings of these several parties from each base, and of those who stayed on Macquarie Island, are fully told in this book, and they give the reader a thrilling impression of heroism, endurance, and loyal companionship.

Arctic and Antarctic Travel

Sir Douglas Mawson the leader; Captain Davis, the seaman who again and again navigated those icy seas; and Frank Wild, who had been with Shackleton and with Scott and was fascinated by the White South into making this third intrusion on its secrets, played prominent parts; but the whole band of explorers had cause for pride.

The title of this book gives the reason why Antarctic travel is a much severer ordeal than Arctic travel. The lofty south polar continent is a region of recurring blizzards which force the adventurers to seek shelter or accept death. What life there is in the sea or on its margin. It is hard to believe that any form of wealth will ever be extracted from the inhospitability of the land. The craving for more knowledge seems the only lure that will draw men thither. It drew the expedition which is pictured so vividly in this comprehensive volume. After reading it one feels that one knows all there is to know of the inhospitable region it describes.

FLYING LIKE A BIRD

But Planing in a Machine

WRONG WORDS TOO LATE TO BE RIGHTED

"I could no more do that than I could fly" is an old saying which seems out-of-date now. But, as the C.N. pointed out the other day, travelling by air in a machine is not flying.

We need a new word for this new way of travelling. Several readers have sent us suggestions, and the best seems to be the word Planing. It is not a new word, but it is sufficiently remote from its other meaning—that of levelling wood with a plane—to avoid ambiguity.

"I planed from London to Hong Kong," might be said, and the old lady could still reply that she would no more think of doing that than flying, picturing to herself, meanwhile, the impossibility of flapping out of the window and over the hills like a bird.

We are afraid it is too late to bother about all this now; and, in any case, as one reader points out, the use of the word Sail in connection with steamships is equally wrong. "The Mauretania set sail" should be "The Mauretania steamed out."

Words must be accepted as they are after long usage; the time to set them right is at their birth, not when they are in their teens.

BIGGEST TORTOISE YET

Seven Feet Long

In many an old Indian picture we see a huge tortoise bearing the world on its back. It is in Northern India that the remains have been found of the largest tortoise that ever lived.

This monster moved his massive frame along the valleys in the Siwalik Hills during the Pleistocene Age. For over 100 years fragments of its bones and shell have been discovered, but not until an expedition of the American Museum of Natural History searched the district in 1923 did a complete shell come to light.

This shell was over seven feet long, five wide, and nearly three deep. When alive the reptile would have weighed over 2000 pounds, nearly seven times the weight of the biggest tortoise from the Galapagos Islands now living at the London Zoo. A reconstruction of this creature has been set up in the American Museum of Natural History.

The scientific name of the old fossil is *Colossochelys atlas*, and it is not inaptly named after the legendary hero of Africa who carried the Greek heavens on his shoulders.

There may be some huge members of the tortoise family actually supporting London at the present day, for remains of a huge turtle have been taken out of the London clay, and the skull of one of these measured a foot across.

DOG ENGLISH

In a spirit of humorous exaggeration a famous man in a learned profession asserted the other day that he had never learned grammar.

His statement brought letters to the papers stating that there are schools today in which grammar is not taught.

One of our London evening papers has, still more recently, shown that certain members of its staff appear to have graduated from some such school, for in one of its headings a line runs, "Laid in wait for a man in a passage." What was laid in wait for a man in a passage? Nothing. The man who wrote the heading meant that a dog lay in a passage waiting for a man.

The same verb trips up the writer when the body of his report is reached, for he goes on to write of the dog "having laid in wait for him." It would be depressing to imagine that any bright young reader of the C.N. does not know that he should have written of the dog "having lain in wait for him."

January 24, 1931

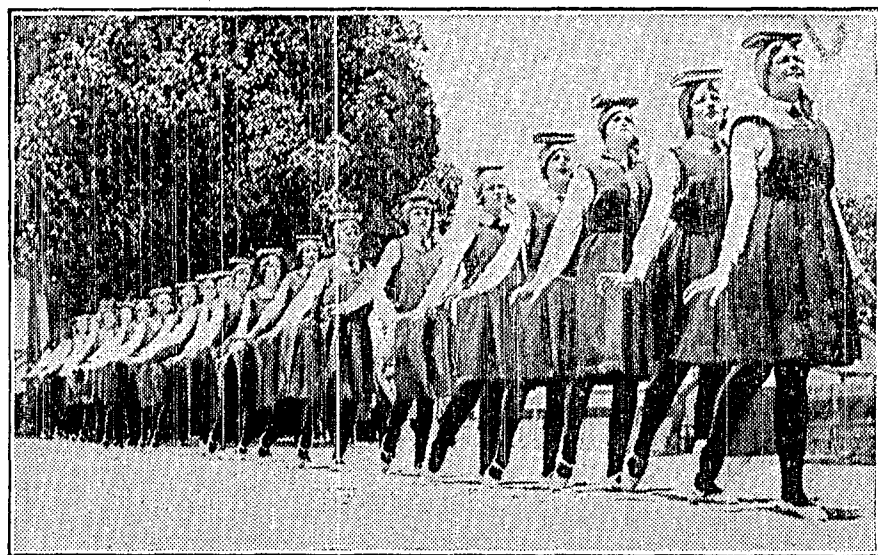
The Children's Newspaper

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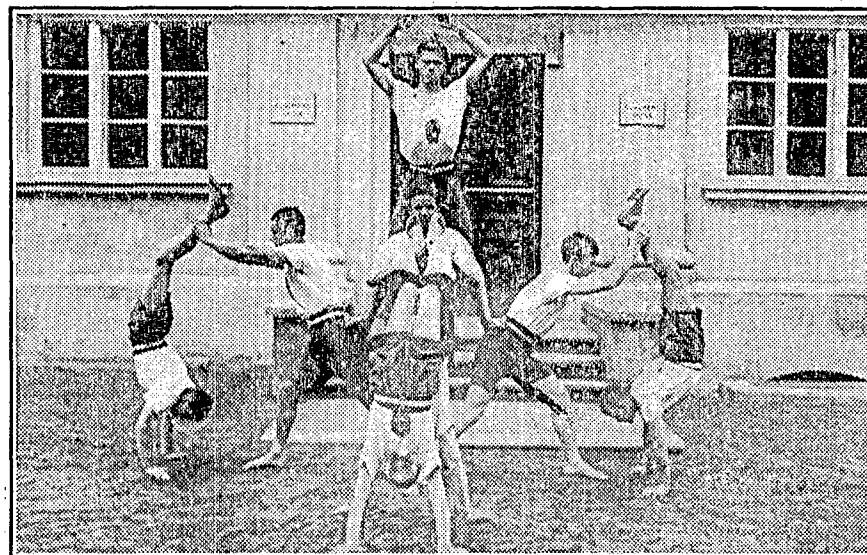
SKATING DAYS · DEAF AND DUMB SCOUTS · THE INVISIBLE RAY



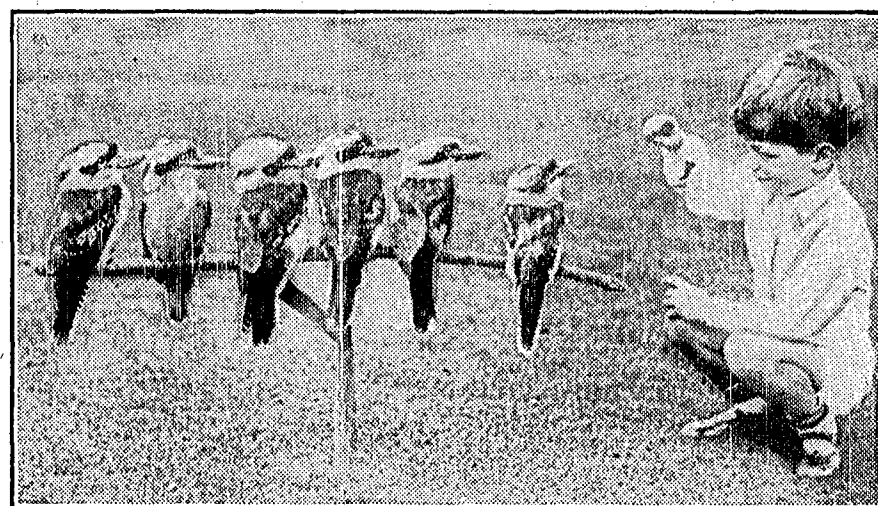
Winter Sports in England—Opportunities for outdoor skating are so rare in England that when, as lately, ponds become frozen over they are thronged with people who like to keep warm by exercise instead of sitting by the fire.



A Lesson in Deportment—Most girls wish to have a graceful carriage, and many schools have special lessons in deportment. This picture shows Australian girls of St Thomas's School, Sydney, performing one of their daily exercises while balancing books on their heads.



Deaf and Dumb Scouts—At Valmiera, in Latvia, there is a company of deaf and dumb Boy Scouts. Here we see some of the boys giving an exhibition of physical training. They have asked the C.N. to pass on their good wishes to the Chief Scout, as told on page 10.



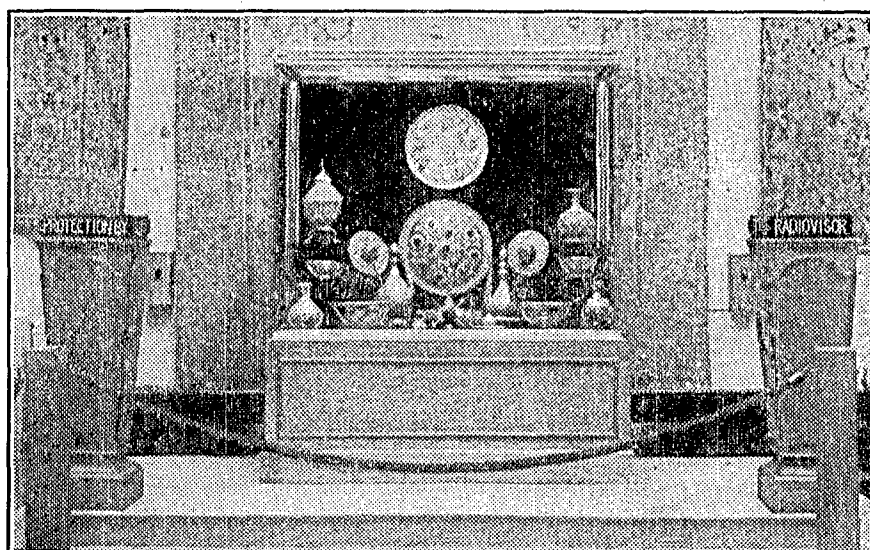
The Kingfisher's Cousins—This little Australian boy is teaching his pet kookaburras some tricks. The kookaburra, or laughing jackass, is related to the kingfisher of English waters, but, unlike its English cousin, it is easily tamed. In Australia it is a popular pet.



A Rule of Health—Before tea the young members of the Saturday Afternoon Club which meets in a delightful old temple in Peking are taught by the nurses to wash their hands, one of the first rules of health. See page 10.



Scout Statues on a Government Building—As a tribute to the national service rendered by the Boy Scouts of Canada these statues of Scouts have been placed over a window of the new Government Office buildings in Wellington Street, Ottawa.



The Invisible Ray—Some of the Shah's treasures are displayed in the exhibition of Persian art at Burlington House. They are protected by an invisible ray projected between the two pedestals shown in this picture. See page 2.

THE MODEST SCHOLAR

A Rare Old Man Leaves the World

WHERE MOST OF HIS WORK IS

A rare old man has left us: he has been called the Nestor of the Orientalists, the wisest and most trusty of them all. Sir Ernest Wallis Budge says there is no living man to take his place.

But there is a greater thing to say. If, as Shakespeare says, ambition is the last infirmity of noble minds, the great scholar who has just died was utterly without that egoism. The beautiful thing that has been said of him is this: *Much of his best work is to be found in the books of other men.*

His name was Theodor Noldeke, and he was born in Germany in 1836. He found his life-work early, and laid the foundations of his fame by a History of the Koran written at 19. It was the thesis he chose for his doctorate at Göttingen University, and when he had revised it four years later it won him the prize of the French Académie des Inscriptions. The rest of his long life was devoted to the study of Semitic languages and the history of Islam.

Helping Other Men

Great scholars the world over turned to him for counsel on these matters, and it was never refused. If he did not know the answer to a question he wrote at once to apologise for his ignorance.

Noldeke taught for many years in the great German universities and published 600 books and treatises. Some of them, such as the History of the Koran and the Life of Mohammed, are acknowledged classics. And yet we are told that much of the very best of his work is to be found in the books of other men.

It is a beautiful picture, the old professor busy in his study helping other men to fame. There was nothing jealous in his nature, and he never grudged the labour he spent on matters which would bring him neither money nor fame. It was his duty and delight to make truth clear, and he did not trouble in the least about prizes.

Now he has died at 94 in his son's home, and it is as though he had sons who are sorrowing for him all over the learned world.

£10,000 FOR A BOWL

Our good friend Mr Hurcomb (who in reading the C.N. never seems to miss the grain of sand which the millstone has passed) points out a mistake in our auction sale items.

A Mazer bowl, he says, was never sold for £6000, and he sends us this picture of one that he himself sold for £10,000.



The bowl said to have been sold for £6000 the other day was apparently withdrawn at that figure, and not sold.

KENT'S MOTOR LIBRARY

Kent's County Library is now nearly ten years old, and the new figures of its working show how abundantly it justifies its cost.

From a population of 670,000 within its area over 420,000 are now served by the system. There are 350 centres in operation, and the stock of books is 140,000. The yearly cost of the service is about £16,000, of which over £6000 is spent on books and £600 on transport.

BACH'S MORNING HYMN

Six O'clock at the Piano

Someone in Berlin has been finding out a great many details about the home life of Bach, with the idea of proving that his music was affected by his immediate surroundings.

Bach's genial home gave the tone to his writings, says this author.

The influence of surroundings on art is a question not easily to be settled. We feel ourselves that Bach's inspiration rose from so remote, so pure and cold a fount, cold and pure like mountain spring water, that no minor happiness or unhappiness could have affected it.

In the meantime we are glad to read anything authentic about this man of so great genius. The new book—Die Musiker Familie Bach, by Ernst Borkovsky—is concerned with the Leipzig period, which covered the last twenty-seven years of the composer's life.

Anna Magdalena

Bach was 38 when, in 1723, he was made Kantor of the Thomas School in Leipzig, and set up his home in the Kantor's official residence. He had married again—the beautiful and gifted Anna Magdalena, whose father was a Court trumpeter. Anna was always the first person to hear Bach's compositions, and many of his works were written definitely for her use. It was a good thing that she was of a musical disposition and could appreciate her husband's work, for there was not much in the house except people and music.

There were no pictures, no grand furniture, no best rooms. But there were beds, linen, and silver enough for Bach's big family, and that was something; and there were five pianos, two lutes, and enough violins, bass viols, and cellos to make a concert party out of the home circle. These things, together with about £40 in money, composed the fortune of one of the greatest musicians the world has known.

No Time For Tears

It was a household, says Herr Borkovsky, that had time neither for tears nor kisses. Every morning at six o'clock, summer and winter, the family gathered round the sitting-room piano to sing a morning hymn. It must have been a lovely beginning to the day, for Anna Magdalena had that rare thing, a clean soprano, and the children did not sing badly, says Bach.

Then the members separated to their work, all connected with education and musical training. Anna saw that the house was well conducted and comfortable. And she found time to make beautiful copies of Bach's compositions.

The world came to know a great deal of Bach's gifted sons, after his sad blindness and death, but the picture of this household that remains long in the memory is that of the beautiful and industrious Anna, who sang a clean soprano, and had so many children, and kept the home together, and "pricked" copies of those great fugues and suites as they fell from the composer's hand.

HOW MUCH DOES A COW DRINK?

How much water does a cow drink?

Perhaps you have never wondered, but a local authority in New Zealand, which sells water to farmers, has counted up the numbers of cows on the farms and measured the number of gallons sold.

These New Zealand cows drank an average of over eight gallons a day.

A new sort of bridge for this country, with a central span lifting vertically for ships, is to be erected over the Tees at Newport, Middlesbrough.

A NEW LIFE OF JESUS

The World in Which He Lived and Moved

A Life of Jesus. By Basil Mathews (Oxford Press. 7s 6d).

Mr Basil Mathews has done what might have seemed almost impossible: he has written the Life of Jesus with a vividness and freshness that make it almost new.

He has followed in the footsteps of Jesus throughout Palestine. He has tried to fit himself into the atmosphere in which Christianity was born. He has tried to feel and think his way into the life Jesus lived and the truth He taught, and to consider Jesus in relation to the life of the people under the Roman Empire in His day.

It is, as Mr Mathews says, beyond the power of anyone to say in words what Jesus was. But what is possible is to understand the world in which He lived and moved, the fields in which He saw the lilies grow, the lake on which He spoke from a boat to the multitude, the wayside by which He healed the leper and gave sight to the blind, the garden where He prayed that the cup of bitterness might pass from Him. Mr Mathews, as all who read his books know, has a rare power of bringing a scene before us, and he has not failed in this great test.

Changing the Actual Words

The only criticism we have to make of the method of the book is as to the changing of the actual words of Jesus into modern language. We have never been able to understand why this should be done. But there is at least this consolation in the book—that the meaning of Jesus is always made plain.

Mr Mathews has illustrated his book with photographs by himself. We wish his publishers had arranged them all a little more conveniently for the shape of the book (and we wish, by the way, that they had not made the book so heavy), but for the photographs themselves there can be nothing but admiration. They are in every sense worthy of a most excellent book, and we predict for this Life of Jesus a long-continued popularity. It has not a page that does not hold the reader captive.

THE CLOVER AND THE MOSQUITO

Ridding the World of a Scourge

Any suggestion to rid the world of the scourge of malaria is worthy of the closest consideration, and one sent to us by a Lausanne correspondent has received a good deal of authoritative support.

It is based on the fact that the malaria mosquito has a deep antipathy to the smallest amount of ammonia. Ammonia is introduced into the soil by such plants as clover, broad beans, sainfoin, lucerne, and all the leguminous growths which are nitrogen fixing.

Sir James Willcocks in Egypt noted the fact some years ago, and experiments have been made by M d'Herelle in Holland and Mr Krigsto in Siberia. In Holland the canals foster mosquitoes; in Siberia there are thousands of square miles of marshes which breed mosquitoes in untold millions. It is observed in both places that the mosquitoes avoid the cultivated areas where leguminous plants are grown.

The same fact was observed by Dr Waddell in England thirty years ago. He found that a solution of ammonia of one part in 200,000 was fatal to the larvae. He pointed out that the steady decrease of malaria in England, which was rife in the Middle Ages and was the real cause of the death of Oliver Cromwell, was due to the spread of agricultural land, the increasing cultivation of the clovers, and the use of manures which gradually permeated the soil with ammonia.

LONDON'S NEW TUNNEL

A Fine Engineering Feat

TRAMS UNDER THE STRAND

The gloomy and forbidding tunnel into which the traveller by tram between North and South London was formerly plunged has been transformed into a brightly-lighted grotto through which it will be pleasant to ride.

When the L.C.C. pulled down the slums between the Strand and Holborn and built Kingsway they constructed a tunnel for single-decked trams from the Embankment.

An engineering wonder of its time, progress has overtaken it, and the dark stations and general resemblance to a rabbit burrow made it as gloomy as the Underground Railway was in the smoky old days of steam.

The L.C.C. have now put all this right. The tunnel has been enlarged so that 100 double-decked trams can run through every hour instead of the 30 crowded single-deckers. The rough black walls of the stations have been made white and smooth, and the bright lights give the waiting traveller the sense of being in a spacious building instead of in a cellar. It is now possible to travel by tram for about 29 miles through London, the longest route of its kind in the world. We much regret that this fine way was not made available for motor-cars, but for trams it is a great advantage.

The work has cost £170,000 and has been completed many weeks earlier than was expected, a triumph of engineering efficiency.

BABY'S CLUB

Games in an Old Chinese Temple

Each year marks great progress in public health work established in China by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Some of the most useful work is that of the district nurses of Peking, who go from house to house advising mothers how to keep their children well.

These nurses and the police of the city have formed a Saturday Afternoon Club for the younger children, who meet for games in the courtyard of an old Chinese temple.

The little ones are taught habits of cleanliness, and before tea are shown how to wash their hands, a habit it is hoped they will continue before eating meals at home! *Picture on page 9*

A MESSAGE FOR THE CHIEF SCOUT

The Chief Scout probably receives New Year greetings from all over the world, and we have one more for him.

It comes from a little company of deaf and dumb Scouts in Latvia, through a friendly reader of the C.N. in Valmiera, and we gladly pass on their good wishes and thanks to Lord Baden-Powell.

Five years ago the deaf and dumb boys in Valmiera were not happy. They felt that they were out of everything. The Boy Scout Movement came to their country and they thought sadly that here was another thing they could not join in. But an energetic teacher, Mr Hugh Trauberg, thought differently. He set to work, got them together, taught them, and in time turned them into good Scouts.

Now they are happy, and they ask us to pass on their thanks to the Chief Scout and their best wishes to fellow Scouts in England. *Picture on page 9*

THE C.N. IN NIGERIA

We are asked to thank those readers who have sent their back numbers to the Bishop Tugwell Fund for distribution in Nigeria. Many children there are growing to love the C.N., and copies may be sent to Mr W. Watson, 24, Grey Street, Newcastle.

THE EARTH'S NEIGHBOURS

Mars and Eros at Their Nearest

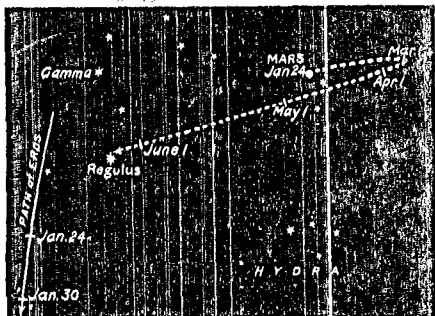
PUZZLE OF A LITTLE WORLD

By the C.N. Astronomer

Two worlds will make their nearest approach to ours during next week. These are Mars and little Eros, which together with the Earth will form an almost straight line in the heavens.

Mars will be at his closest on Tuesday, January 27, when he will come to within 61,510,000 miles of us. He will therefore appear at his brightest for this year, and also at his largest as seen through a telescope. He appears very small, however, owing to the much greater distance of his approach this time (as explained in the C.N. for January 3).

So small does Mars appear that 130 little spheres of his apparent size could be placed across the face of the Full Moon as she appears to us. There is,



The path of Mars and continuation of the path of Eros

therefore, not likely to be anything important discovered on him this year, as he appears little more than half the width he did in 1924, when he approached to within 34,650,000 miles of the Earth.

Mars will remain in the evening sky until the end of the summer, being visible to the naked eye until August.

His path for the next four months is shown on our star-map, where it will be seen that Mars is at present travelling toward the right and in a westerly direction. This will continue until the first week in March, when he will cease what is called his retrograde motion. Then, turning to the left, he will travel eastward at a rapid rate for a planet, ultimately approaching very close to the bright star Regulus.

The little world of Eros is, on the other hand, travelling apparently from north to south and much more rapidly than Mars, being at his nearest to us on Friday, January 30.

He will then be a long way below Regulus, at the position shown on the star-map, and rather too far south to be easily seen with field-glasses and, of course, quite invisible without them. This little world is estimated to reach only about seventh magnitude, unless subject to exceptional variations in brilliance; moreover, the presence of the Moon will prevent Eros from being seen without an astronomical telescope.

A Mountain in the Sky

These variations in brilliance, which may on occasions amount to as much as a magnitude, are of great interest. They have been found, when Eros was near the Earth, to occur over a period of 5 hours 16 minutes; minor fluctuations taking place during this time. Then the whole series begins again.

Their regularity indicates that Eros rotates on its axis, as the Earth does, and the fluctuations in brightness are explained as due probably to this planetoid being of irregular shape. If Eros consists of a huge mass of rock like a mountain in the sky, and this rotates, as it regularly turns on its axis first a broad expanse of rock would reflect the sunlight and then a smaller; and so the variations would be accounted for; otherwise if Eros is a smooth sphere different parts of it must possess different reflective power to explain the variations. G. F. M.

TREES BY THE WAY

Help For All Who Love Them

KIPLING'S ELLUM

Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyway trusts her shade.

That lesson we learn from Puck of Pook's Hill, or from old village folk if we are lucky enough to live in the country; and now the warning is official.

Mr C. H. Bressey, Chief Engineer of the Ministry of Transport, has written it in his foreword to the booklet just published by the A.A. in collaboration with the Roads Beautifying Association.

The booklet aims at making English roads safer and more beautiful. It tells how landowners may have free advice about planting schemes, and this advice will be valuable indeed, for it will come from the Royal Horticultural Society, the Royal Botanic Society, and from other forestry experts.

Wherever there are fine sound trees the makers of the booklet want to preserve them and to show the owners how to counter the first signs of disease. But where there are no trees they want to help the owner of the land to plant those which will succeed in that particular place. Moreover, they hope to persuade people not to plant the common elm (Kipling's Ellum) as a roadside tree. It is beautiful, and it has its place, but its place is not by the highway.

THE GREAT PYRAMID

Still the World's Biggest Building

Everybody of this generation has heard of the great Assouan dam by which the waters of the Nile are gathered together for the irrigation of Egypt.

From time to time additions have been made, and more are now to be completed, so that the building and maintenance of the dam must appear to some a recurring decimal of industry such as existed in the times of our forefathers when the great cathedrals and abbeys, rising piecemeal for a century or more, were in course of construction.

The original work in Egypt, begun last century, took three years to complete in its first form, and the newest addition will take almost as long. But when completed it will still be far from the largest building made by human hands, for that distinction remains the unchallenged crown of the Great Pyramid.

When the Assouan dam was first built the figures of its dimensions and quantities seemed to surpass all others ever known in human structures. The dam was a mile and a quarter long, 90 feet thick at the bottom, 90 feet high, and 20 feet thick at the top. Yet when everything was measured up it was found that this colossal structure contained only one quarter as much material as the Great Pyramid which Cheops built as a sanctuary for his bones five thousand years ago!

BUTTONS IN THE BOX

The Woman Who Had No Money

Many a rich man has brushed past a charity box because he had no change.

The other day a poor woman in St Pancras was in worse plight; she had no money at all, but she did not brush past.

Someone who was collecting for the Lifeboat Fund was approached by a woman carrying a hawker's basket.

"Can I give you this packet of buttons?" asked the hawker. "I have no money to give. I wish you would sell the buttons and give the price to the lifeboats. They saved my old man."

Picking up her basket she went on, leaving golden thoughts behind.

SAD CASE OF A GOOD SHIP

What Happened 2000 Miles From Home

27 YEARS OF FAITHFUL WORK

Her boiler cracked 2000 miles from port. Seafaring men know the possibilities of hardship and danger which lurk in such a sentence as that, and both were the portion of the Southern Cross, the mission steamer of Melanesia which has worn herself out in 27 years of faithful work in the southern seas.

For all those years she has sailed hither and thither in that vast diocese of the Pacific Ocean which covers Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, and New Guinea. Brown men and white, savages of the Stone Age in Papua, and settlers in Norfolk Island know the little ship and love her.

Her Last Voyage

But it is time the Southern Cross was replaced. Before the crack in the boiler gave ominous warning on her last voyage her rudder stem had broken on a previous one. She had to sail perilously to Auckland 600 miles away with a jury rigged rudder.

So the Bishop of Melanesia, the successor of Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson in the Pacific Islands, asks for a new ship to take the place of the old one which has served the great cause so well and long.

Those who love the Southern Cross, and they are many, will hear with sadness the cold verdict of the experts that the vessel must go to the scrap-heap. What a story has been hers!

Sixty years ago a canoe was found floating in the Pacific. It was covered with palm fibre matting, and when this was removed a dead man was seen holding a palm in his hand. He was a white man who had been murdered by natives, and soon it was proved that he was John Patteson, Bishop of Melanesia.

A Beloved Bishop

He had come to the Pacific in 1853 and had spent 18 years of his life going from island to island in the mission steamer Southern Cross. The natives had grown to love him for his common sense and kindness. Everyone was amazed that a man so beloved should have been murdered, but at last the tragic mystery was made plain.

Certain white ruffians had made a trade of kidnapping islanders for labour in Fiji and Queensland, and in order to trap the natives had disguised themselves as missionaries. The good bishop had been mistaken for one of these good-for-nothings. When his murderers discovered their mistake they were filled with remorse, and had given him the best burial they could, laying a palm in his hand and sending his body forth upon the seas to seek the Isles of the Blest.

His kindly work has been carried on ever since. The first Southern Cross became disabled, and was replaced. The present one has spent 27 years beating up and down the seas.

THE SIGN ON THE TREE

Northampton Not Guilty

We are glad to hear from the Northampton County Librarian (Mr Raymond Irwin) that no County Library sign is disfiguring a tree in his area.

It seems that Huntingdonshire is responsible for the sign near Wansford Station mentioned recently in the C.N. and that the actual scene of the crime is Stibbington.

If the sign is still on the tree when these words are printed will the good people of Stibbington rise in a body and remove it—by day or night?



"My goodness!—
no wonder
I'm healthy"

ALWAYS a picture of health —with glowing cheeks and happy, laughing eyes— fathers and mothers delight to see their children brimming over with such life and energy.

The health that ensures happiness depends so much on correct diet and proper nourishment. Every particle of the material used in creating energy and ensuring healthy development is obtained from nourishment. During their growing years children need more nourishment than their ordinary daily food supplies. They need the rich nourishment so abundantly contained in delicious "Ovaltine."

This perfect food beverage supplies the concentrated goodness of Nature's best foods—barley malt, pure fresh milk and new-laid eggs. No other food can ensure the same results, for no other food contains the same rich nourishment in such a correctly balanced form. "Ovaltine" is the ideal food for giving and maintaining health, strength and vitality.

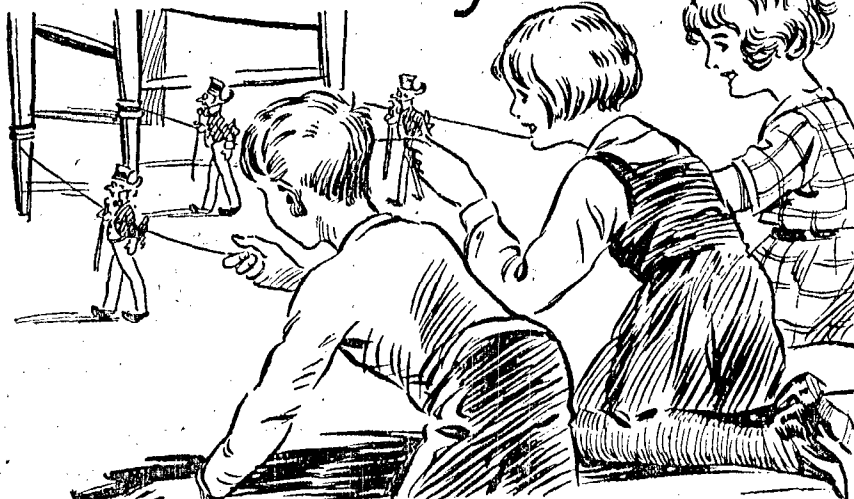
Give your children "Ovaltine" instead of tea, coffee, etc. They will grow up with sturdy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

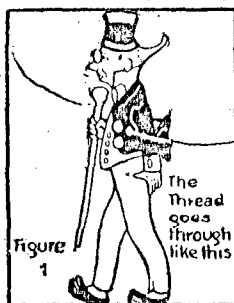
Here's a new game you can make yourself



Sunny Jim's WALKING RACE

This game is very simple to make. All you need is a pair of scissors, some "Force" packets, and some smooth thread. Carefully cut out the figure of Sunny Jim on the front of each packet, and make a neat round hole just behind the top button on his jacket. Make the hole large enough for the thread to slip easily through it.

Now tie about two yards of the thread to the leg of a table or chair, at the same height as the hole in Sunny Jim's jacket. Take the



thread through the hole in Sunny Jim so that his reverse side is towards the chair, and with the loose end held near the floor and Sunny Jim lying on his feet towards you, gently tighten and then loosen the thread. Sunny Jim will stand up and then fall back a little nearer to the chair. Keep on tightening and loosening the thread, and Sunny Jim will move along quite quickly. Soon you will find yourself becoming expert at jerking the thread, and able to make him go at a fine rate.

Get your friends to join in a race

with you. Any number can play, so long as there is a Sunny Jim and thread each. They must all start together from the same line, and the first to reach the chair-leg wins. Those lucky boys and girls who have "Force" everyday will be able to cut out their Sunny Jims at once and start playing this new game right away. If you don't have "Force," ask Mother to buy a packet when she is next at the Grocer's.

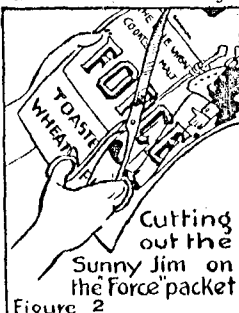
Tell her that it is the best food for growing boys and girls because it is made from the whole of the finest Canadian wheat, full of nourishment and energy. "Force" is the whole wheat cooked with malt and toasted to crisp flakes. "Force" for breakfast saves Mother's time, too. It is served in a shake of the packet. Just add hot milk.

I will send you a free sample packet if you write to me at (Dept. CB4), 197, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Yours forcefully,

Sunny Jim

This offer applies only in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland.



The little that means so much!

It is the multiplicity of small donations that means so much in the furtherance of our work for the little people. There must be no delay in the treatment of the tiny tots if they are to have a fair chance. It is by treating the trouble at the beginning that so much suffering is avoided in later years.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

President	II.R.II. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.
Chairman	SIR GOMER BERRY, Bart., J.P.
Treasurer	ROBERT MOND, Esq.
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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

Secretary—A. J. SMALL, Esq.

WHEN THE PIPES FREEZE

Good Turns To Be Done

We are not yet out of the winter with its perils and excitements.

One of the severest winters of last century set in with a snowstorm on January 29, the latest date for an English winter to begin. So it is as well to keep an eye on the waterpipes.

If the water in them freezes they will surely burst by the expansion of the ice, and when the thaw comes there will be floods inside the house, or cascades outside it, just the same as in those former severe winters which we are so apt to forget.

There may not be so many bursts as there used to be, because in towns more houses are now built so that the cisterns and waterpipes are inside. But where they are outside they should be wrapped in bands of hay or rag. Inside the house a small oil stove left burning near by at night will save much pipe rending, and much heartrending on the morrow.

Wasting Water

There are some people who like to adopt the old and easy remedy of leaving the taps running. But this labour-saving device is frowned on by the Water Board to such an extent that they will threaten to prosecute the householder who thus wastes the company's water. It is safer and better to take the Water Board's advice and turn off the water at the main at night, after running off the water at the taps.

Then the pipes cannot burst because they contain no water to freeze. But this proper method often presents one difficulty to the householder. He does not know where to look for this stop-tap.

It may be in the garden, in the cellar, or under the tiles. If and when it is found it will be generally so stiff from disuse that all but the persevering will despair of turning it.

Here comes the opportunity of the Boy Scout and the Girl Guide. They must find the stop-tap, get it into working order, give it a good turn, and thus do one. Even if someone forgets to turn on the other taps at night the fact that the stop-tap has been turned off will limit the extent of the catastrophe.

THE POOREST BOY IN THE TOWN

The Halfpenny That Became £10 might well be the title of a recent incident related by Mr Harold Riley of the Bible Society concerning a visit he paid to a public school in New South Wales.

While he was at the school he showed the children a Braille edition of the New Testament, and told them how the copies were sold to the blind under cost.

Next day he was visiting a lady who keeps a sweet shop in the town when a boy came up to him and, holding out a halfpenny, said "This is for you, Mister. You are the Bible man, aren't you? You told us about the Bible for the blind people, and you can't afford to sell those books for 1s 6d and give some free." Whereupon he handed Mr Riley his coin.

When he left the shop the shopkeeper said to Mr Riley: "If that were my halfpenny I would never part with it! That is the poorest boy in our town."

Mr. Riley has shown the coin to many in telling the story of the gift, and he says he can trace at least £10 given as a result.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

An emerald ring	£2250
A silver bowl, 1701	£1108
A lion-tankard, 1668	£718
Queen Anne sugar-basin	£499
Charles II taper-stand	£485
Silver teapot, 1718	£432
Chippendale yew bookcase	£325
Silver chocolate-pot, 1720	£188
Silver goblet, 1634	£183

TEN PLANES CROSS THE ATLANTIC

And Four Come Down

AN ITALIAN ACHIEVEMENT

A new girder has been put into the air-bridge between the Old World and the New by the flight of ten Italian sea-planes across the Atlantic.

Fourteen machines set out from Bolama in Portuguese West Africa, which is on the giant shoulder of the continent, and ten made the ocean journey of 1860 miles to Port Natal, the easternmost point of South America, in good order and fast time.

The other four were not so fortunate. Two came down and burst into flames with the loss of five lives; two others came down in the sea half-way across, without loss of either the machines or their crew.

We sometimes speak of the pilots of the air as birdmen. This Atlantic venture was strangely like a flight of wild swans, cleaving the skies in wedge formation.

That is the picturesque side of the flight. The practical aspect is much greater. If a group of planes could set out together on a journey which a very few years ago would have been thought a remarkable and dangerous attempt in over-sea flight, and could all accomplish it (keeping together) in about the same time, the future of the Atlantic Air Service would seem to be assured.

MOUNTAIN TOMB OF AN UNKNOWN KING

2000 Years Ago in Ireland

In the days before their Republic almost every Irishman proudly claimed descent from a king.

A simple sum in arithmetic will show us that we can all make a similar claim, but perhaps the Irishman can boast more royal blood than anyone, for even in Tudor times the chief of every large tribe was a king.

The remains of such a king and queen have now been found on Sheebee Mountain, near Carrick-on-Shannon. The removal of tons of rock revealed to the excavators a royal vault, its entrance closed by a ten-ton block of masonry; and when this was removed the skeletons of a king and queen were found lying side by side facing toward Tara Hill, where stood in ancient days the Palace of Ireland's kings.

Romance and imagination ruled the hearts of the Irish people 2000 years ago as they do still, for the site of this royal burial is a mountain from which a glorious panorama of five counties and 14 lakes can be seen.

The excavators are still at work, for it is believed that there is another chamber on Sheebee containing armour and other royal treasures.

SMOKE AND SMOG

Manchester and its surroundings found themselves under a cloud in the early days of the year.

The blackest and coldest fog for years settled upon it for five days running, and nearly a hundred ships were stranded in the Mersey.

This should have sent all the stokers and firemen engaged on any kind of furnace work to the Manchester Technical College, where there is now a course of study on the best way of preventing the smoke nuisance. We hope the classes are full. Smoke and smog (as we ought to call most of our fog) are among the things waiting to be abolished.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Assouan	Ahs-swahn
Cheops	Kee-ops
Okavango	O-kah-vahn-go
Siwalik	Se-wah-lik
Yssel	I-sel

For Little One

I MET a little Elfman once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he did not grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

John Kendrick Bangs

A Proverb

A STITCH in time saves nine.

A Limerick

THERE was a young lady of Kew,
Who ran for a train at 2.2;
When the guard saw she hurried,
He said "Don't get flurried;
There's a minute or two to 2.2."

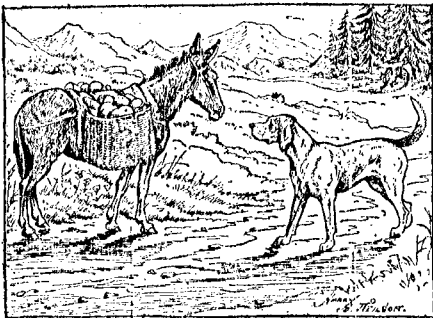
The Wisdom of Solomon

A WORD fitly spoken is like apples
of gold in pictures of silver.

A Fable From Aesop

THE MASTIFF AND THE ASS

A HUGE dog and an ass laden with
bread were upon a long journey
together. They were both very
hungry, and while the ass was grazing
upon thistles by the wayside the dog



would fain have been eating for com-
pany, and begged a bit of bread of
him. The ass answered that if he were
hungry he might even do as he did;
for he had no bread to spare.

While this passed, up comes a wolf
toward them. The ass fell a-trembling,
and told the dog he hoped he would
stand by him if the wolf should set
upon him. "No," said the dog; "they
that will eat alone shall fight alone for
me." And so he left his fellow-
traveller at the mercy of the wolf.

We love one another because we are
the better for one another; when kindness
fails the league drops to pieces.

A Verse From Whittier

GIVE fools their gold and knaves their
power,
Let Fortune's Bubble rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

A Saying of Jesus

LET not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.

The Wise Man of Athens

SOLON, the wise man of Athens, was
asked how crime could possibly be
abolished in any State.

"It will be abolished," said he,
"when those who are not wronged feel
the same indignation as those who are."

A Little Prayer

GIVE me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee. Anne Steele

C. L. N.

The Garden of Peace

Number of Members—22,966

The Garden of Eden was a garden of
peace, and the old and beautiful story of
it still stirs the imagination of mankind.

To celebrate over a hundred years of
friendship between the United States
and Canada these nations are uniting to
make on their frontier line an Inter-
national Garden of Peace.

This second Garden of Eden is the
idea of Mr Henry J. Moore, a horticul-
turalist of Ontario, and the enthusiasm
with which his idea has been received
shows the world what North America
thinks about war.

Half of the soil of the garden will be
American, half Canadian, and for its
site, which will be about a thousand
acres, some place will be chosen acces-
sible to the greatest number of persons
of both countries.

Already American and Canadian land-
scape gardeners are at work on designs
for the International Peace Garden, and
if all the dreams come true it will indeed
be a second Eden.

Some of the enthusiasts suggest a
formal garden, others a wild one.
Probably there will be both natural and
cultivated beauty.

A Reminder of Motherland

There will be roses, sunflowers, con-
volvulus, bluebells, anemones, and the
Canterbury bell, President Hoover's
favourite flower, reminding the two
nations of their Motherland, the little
isle set in the silver sea.

It is expected that thousands of
people will send their favourite plants.
And there will be birds there, as many
as possible of those loved by both
nations. The only difficulty so far is
as to where the garden shall be, East or
West, or somewhere in the centre of the
boundary line. All along that huge
frontier there is not a fort or a battle-
ship or a soldier. The International
Peace Garden will be a continual re-
minder to the world that friendship and
tolerance make a better boundary line
than suspicion and hatred.

Canada and the United States are
leading the way to the happy future
when all the Earth will be an Eden of
peace. By joining the Children's League
of Nations every boy and girl can help
to make this day come sooner. C.L.N.
members are already doing splendid
work in digging, hoeing, and planting
seeds of friendship and goodwill in that
international garden of peace, of which
the gardeners belong to all the nations.

Members who joined the C.L.N. a
year ago are reminded that in order to
remain members they should renew
their subscriptions.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership
should be sent sixpence in stamps for
the card and badge. Please give your
name and address, birthday and year,
and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Good Black Sheep—page 5

A man born in the year of Waterloo
has just died in Ireland, aged 115.

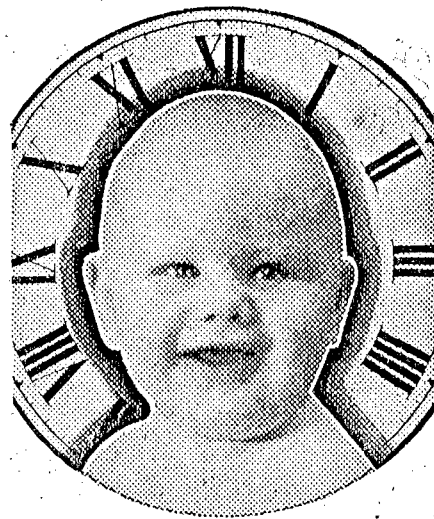
Three days are to be saved in air mail
time from London to Vancouver.

The Duke of Bedford has given a free
water supply to the village of Lidlington
in Bedfordshire.

A Staffordshire schoolgirl tells us that
her cat brought home 16 mice in three
days and 22 in seven days.

By the use of a pedometer a waitress
in a busy restaurant found that in nine
hours she covered 21 miles.

The great shipyard of Swan Hunter at
Wallsend exceeded all records with last
year's shipping, launching 230,000 tons.



Weaning time is Bengers time

When weaning time comes,
give Bengers Food during
the transition stage from the
breast to ordinary food.

BENGER'S Food
for INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.

Benger's Booklet containing a Concise Guide
to the rearing of Infants and Dainty Invalid Recipes
to relieve the monotony of milk diet for invalids,
post free from
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

MASON'S GINGER WINE
MADE AT HOME



Delicious, warming,
cheering. A 9d. bottle of
Mason's Essence makes
100 glasses of Ginger
Wine—as good as Ginger
Wine can be.

Buy a bottle to-day from your
Grocer, Stores or Chemist, or
send 1/- and we will post a bottle
and give you name of nearest agent

NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 lb. 5/-,
3 lbs. 10/- Excellent for Children's Garments, etc.
White or Navy 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11 lb. post
free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 25/11
yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Cottons, etc.

Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON BURNETT'S, WELLINGTON,
N.C. DEPT. 5, SOMERSET,
ENGLAND.

When answering advertisements, please
mention "The Children's Newspaper."

100% SHREDDED WHEAT FOOD

THE MORNING MEAL
THAT GIVES YOU
ALL-DAY ENERGY

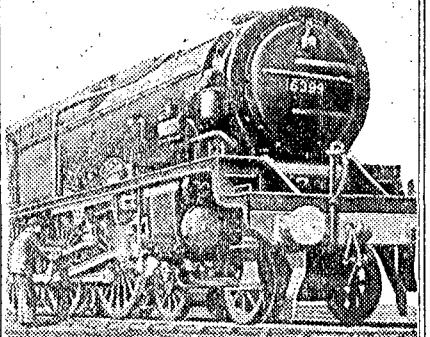
"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital
and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor
children, are urgently needed to help the "poor"
passing through our hands. Anything will be grate-
fully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market
Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.

President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

FREE! TEN BIG COLOURED ENGINE PLATES



**GIVEN
TODAY!**
**L.M.S. ENGINE
"FURY"**
and **FOLDER** for
keeping the Pictures

There will be another splendid
picture given away every week
for the next NINE WEEKS.
See that you get the complete
set. Keep them in the Folder
and you will have a wonderful
souvenir of modern railways.

MODERN BOY
Get your copy NOW. 2d.

**Two Steeples
Toddlekins Combs.**
The ideal combinations for children

A HOT MUG OF COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter or jam, are given to
hundreds of little hungry children every week. Re-
member the little ones these bitter mornings. 3d. pays
for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/-
for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests?
Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission,
Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/0 (and 2d. stamp)
direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street,**
E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever
Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib
(Fine, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-
or with 5 coupons only 2/0. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

RICHARD LUCKLESS

Serial Story by
Mary Carruthers

What Has Happened Before

Richard Vaine, who lives with his grandfather and two prim aunts, rescues a drowning man from the sea and takes him to the Manor House.

The stranger, who proves to be Richard's cousin, quickly usurps his place in the home.

Richard runs away to try his fortunes in London, with nothing in his pocket but a few pounds and some family jewels.

CHAPTER 7

The Stowaways

IN the darkness of the hold Richard slept uneasily, the emeralds flitting through his dreams in nightmare trances.

The nightmare grew more distinct, more lifelike. He was standing before his grandfather, and Rupert was saying that his cousin had stolen the emerald hat-band. The dwellers in Reynard's Retreat were stamping their feet and singing madrigals, which merged into a sea chanty, and Richard awoke.

The full tide was lapping against the sides of the *Pride of Cardiff* and the mariners were drawing up the anchor. Suddenly there was a rending crash and the ship nearly keeled over.

The rope of a schooner being towed up the Teign had broken, and the vessel had drifted back and fouled the *Pride of Cardiff*. The air was full of the shouts of seamen, the anchor was let down again and the shipwrights' hammers began to clank. A long delay followed.

Daylight broadened and dwindled to the dark again. At last the *Pride of Cardiff* set sail. No longer afraid of too early a discovery and lulled by the rolling of the boat once more Richard gave himself over to slumber and dreams.

Richard awoke to touch something tangible indeed, the fingers of a man's hand. His grasp shifted higher, and fastened on a hairy throat.

"Easy now, young master," croaked a half-choked voice. "Do not throttle a stowaway, and an old man to boot."

Richard's grasp relaxed. By the glimmer of a lantern which the other man was carrying he saw that the stranger had a white head and knotted hands. The other stowaway spoke truth when he said that he was old, though he was of thick-set figure and of sturdy make.

"What is your name? How come you on an adventure so little suited to your years?" asked Richard.

"I am Shadrach Owen, a schoolmaster from Pembrokeshire," said the other. "As for my coming as a stowaway no doubt you yourself had your own reasons for embarking as a stowaway. But they could not have been stronger than mine. Why did I leave my native town? For years I have been persecuted by bad neighbours; spies, following me."

He lowered his voice.

"There is need to speak not so loud, who knows whose ears may be listening even here? They told all manner of wicked tales against me. That I was mad and dangerous. That an evil spirit possessed me to make me burn and destroy."

"What made you flee from Cardiff?" asked Richard.

"The school-house took fire: a goodly blaze it was," said Shadrach. "I saved the children left in it, when floors were giving and rafters falling. Everyone was afraid to go in, but not I. I am not afraid of fire. But my scholars' parents were a wicked, ungrateful folk. They said I had set fire to the school. They put the constables on to me. If it had not been for little Davy, the cook's mate, who found me a hiding-place here, I should have stood in danger of the gallows tree."

A little form swung itself down the hold.

"Master Owen," whispered a cautious voice, "I have brought your supper. Why were you talking to yourself? It cannot be that your troubles are sending you daft?"

"I was not talking to myself," answered the old man. "I have company. Someone who wants to lie low and keep dark, as I do. You will need to smuggle enough food for two now, Davy."

On friendly enough terms the ill-assorted couple finished their meal together.

Two or three days passed. The old man's fund of talk began to fall dry. He craved for his pipe. The dark affected him. He withdrew into himself.

One night Richard awoke to feel his touch upon him again. He had opened his purse. He had got the emeralds, which

Richard wrested from him and dropped into his pocket.

"Master Owen," said he, "are you sunk so low that you will rob a companion in misfortune as well as set fire to houses?"

"You have no right to the stones," said the other wildly. "See how they shine when the lantern light catches them. They are not gems, but bits of frozen fire, and fire belongs to me."

"Mad as a March hare," thought Richard to himself. He rose to his feet, saying:

"I have had enough of your company, Mr Shadrach Owen, I shall give myself up to the captain rather than have another night of it."

The other seized his arm in a grip of iron.

"Give yourself up if ye will, but don't betray me," he hissed. "Remember it will be death to me if I am found and taken back. You would not send an old man, with a beard white as your grandfather's, to swing on the gallows."

An affectionate memory of Sir Vivian crossed Richard's mind. He promised he would not betray the old man. Nimbly he swung himself out of the hold, glad to get out into the open after his imprisonment.

CHAPTER 8

The Black Bullet

THE seaman on the watch first took Richard for some unearthly imp scrambling out of the hold, then was furious when he declared himself a stowaway. He was taken to the captain, a little, fiery Welshman, who listened in ironic silence while Richard told the story which he had planned beforehand.

"My name is Daniel Bolitho," said Richard, "and I come from Cornwall. My home is shut in between the firs and the sea, and I longed to see the world. My people would not let me go, so I took matters into my own hands and hid myself in the hold of your ship. But I always meant to pay for my passage. I will give you five pounds if you will bring me safe to the Pool of London."

Richard's drawing, gentlemanly tones went but laughably with his begrimed and

disreputable appearance, but luckily there was no glass to strike his self-confidence from him.

The moment Richard mentioned the five pounds a gleam of greed lit up Captain Hugh Morgan's eye. If he had had nothing to gain from the stowaway he might have let him alone; but the chink of gold to Hugh Morgan was like the smell of blood to a tiger. This tatterdemalion might be worth the plundering. Said he to Richard:

"It will take more than five pounds to buy your passage from me."

Then he called up his crew.

"Take what he has got, lads; I'll have the purse and you may share the rest."

Richard was seized, searched, his purse with all his worldly goods inside it was taken, his sword also. They turned his pockets inside out. The one that Aunt Deborah had so often promised to mend was torn bodily away. They left him with his jerkin and breeches alone. Even the buttons were wrenched off his jerkin.

"Let him work before the mast till we get to London," said the captain; and Richard was led away to the forecastle.

But his lips were puckered in a small, triumphant smile. He consoled himself with one thought: the emeralds had miraculously escaped the seamen's claws. The hole in his pocket which Aunt Deborah had always put off mending had let them drop down, to lie safely at the bottom of the lining of one of the tabs of his jerkin.

The thought of the secret nest-egg, saved from the wreck of everything, gave Richard fresh spirit and confidence as he looked at Jack Price, the sturdy boatswain fingering Richard's silver-hilted sword.

"Much good may your ill-gotten goods do you," said Richard.

The boatswain looked up in a huff, met Richard's cold, contemptuous eyes, and cut himself slightly on the sword. He lashed a rope's end at Richard.

"Take that," said he, "and keep your tongue between your teeth, you with the ugly look and ill-wishing eye."

One day passed like another. From a child Richard had been well used to the sea, so the rough life did not press as hardly as it might otherwise have done upon him. But his messmates refused to be friendly.

JACKO IN THE FOG

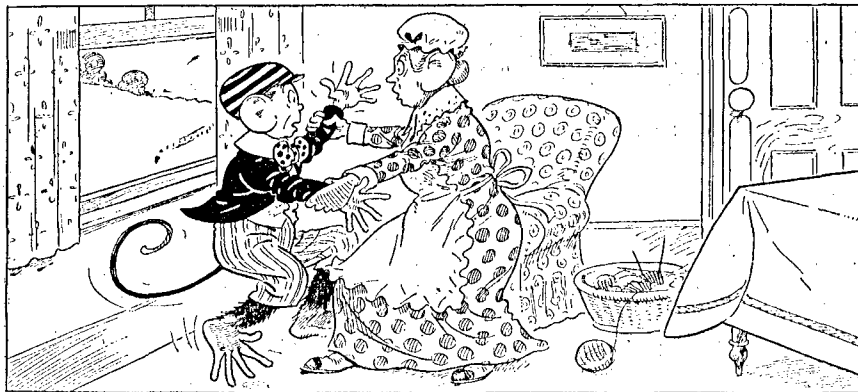
THERE had been a tremendous amount of fog in Monkeyville.

Nobody seemed to like it—except Jacko, and he thought it a lark.

"Directly you've had your dinner, Jacko," his mother said to him on one of the darkest days, "I want you to take a parcel round to Belinda's."

"I do wish Belinda would get the wretched thing mended," he grumbled as he went up the path. "I've half a mind to do it myself."

He rang the bell and knocked loudly; then, as nobody came, he stepped across the flower-beds, flung up the parlour window, and jumped inside.



"I'm so-so-sorry," spluttered Jacko

Jacko was quite agreeable, and presently off he went.

"Coo, the fog's thicker than ever!" he exclaimed as he ran out into the lane.

He turned into the road and went along whistling, with his hands in his pockets. When he got to where Belinda's turning ought to be he felt with his foot for the kerb.

It wasn't there!

"Funny!" he murmured; "I must have passed it."

He turned and went back; and at last, after wandering about for some time, he found the corner he had been looking for.

He ran along till he came to a garden with a low gate and a familiar latch that took a deal of opening.

He landed on something soft, then bounced off on to something hard—the floor; and a frightened voice screamed "Thieves! Murder!"

Jacko found himself face to face with an angry stranger, a lady, who was glaring at him in terror.

"I'm so-so-sorry," spluttered Jacko as he picked himself up. "I've come to the wrong house."

"That you have," cried the lady, suddenly recovering from her fright. And to Jacko's astonishment she caught hold of him and gave him a resounding box on the ears.

"And now you can go," she said, "and find the right one."

Jacko took to his heels!

Richard, up the rigging, cowering up a sail one morning early, saw a thin, ominous streak of smoke coming up from the hold. He made haste to arouse Davy, the cook's mate. Because his promise was his promise he was determined not to betray the old schoolmaster to the rest of the crew. Richard himself had been hardly treated; he thought that the old man would fare still worse at the hands of his fellow-townsmen.

"Your friend Shadrach is up to mischief again," he muttered to Davy; "he is smoking, and it must be a very large pipe!"

Down went Davy, and the smoke ceased and no one else was any the wiser.

But the next morning as Davy was serving out the breakfast he lingered to have a word or two with Richard.

"I wish I had never let the old man hide himself in the ship," said he, "but what was I to do? The crowd would have been the death of him, and he was very good to me when I was a child. He is getting madder and madder pent up in the dark. Last night he got out of the hold and ran about on deck in his white shirt, with his long white beard a-waving in the breeze. The boatswain was the first man to see him, and he thought he was a ghost. He ran for his life and buried his head in his hammock. As luck would have it, I was the next man. I got him coaxed down below, and left him sleeping with a hot drink. But it will be all he will do to last out the voyage without an outburst of some kind."

So the *Pride of Cardiff* sailed on with her secret hidden in the heart of her hold. Misfortune began to dog her, from contrary winds onward. Three of the crew sickened with fever. They had to put in to Southamton for medicine and help. They left their sick men in port. But it was too late to save the boatswain. He died before they could land.

His coffin was borne ashore with his silver whistle and chain laid on it, and the trumpeters of the ship, first one answering to the other, blew mournful blasts continuously till he was buried in the churchyard. Then as the ship's company turned back the music changed to a joyful lilt. But it did not raise the drooping spirits of the men as they embarked again. There is nobody in the world so superstitious as a sailor, and from Teignmouth onward the voyage had seemed an unlucky one.

When they were nearing the Channel Islands a strange event brought this discontent to a head. The men were all at mess when there was a squeaking and a rustling and the sound of many little feet. A great stream of rats of all sizes, some white with age, came streaming from the hold. They crawled over the ship's side, dropped into the water, and began swimming in a wedge-shaped fleet to the islands.

Horror possessed the crew. They were sure some great disaster was to befall the ship, certain, too, that there was a Jonah on board who had brought all this ill-fortune down upon them.

"We must cast lots," said the captain, "to see who has laden us with his sins. Whoever draws the black bullet out of the ship he shall go, even if it falls to me."

But it was not to the captain, but to Richard that the black bullet fell. Chance had chosen the right person, the seamen felt, and their hearts were filled with fury against him. They knew no mercy.

"Of course it must be he," said they. "Nothing has gone right since he boarded us at Teignmouth. Fouled in the harbour, stricken with the fever, the best boatswain a ship could have taken from us. Jack Price said himself he had been overlooked by the proud piece when he took his sword. Put him in a little boat and let him witch himself on shore."

Without more ado they flung him into a little boat, without water, food, or oars, and left him to his fate.

Far away the little craft drifted, Richard helpless inside it, hoping that the wind might turn and blow him on to one of the distant islands; but they were lessening, he was going out to sea.

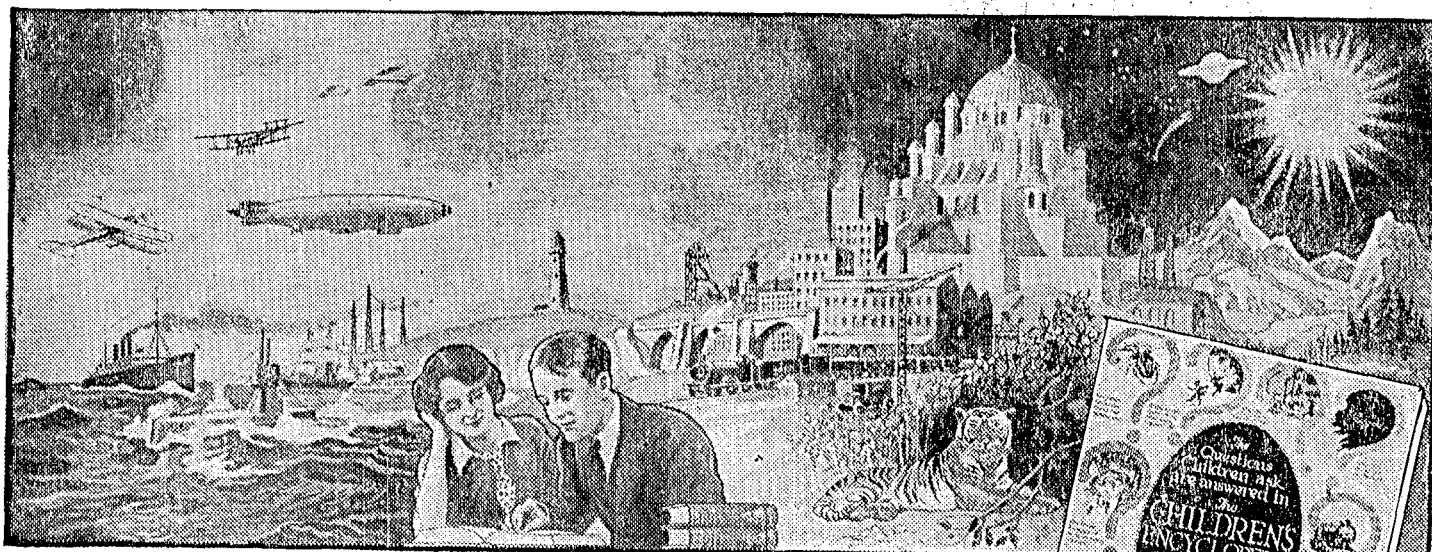
As he tossed like a piece of driftwood on the waves he saw a sight on the skyline which took his mind off his own peril.

The rats had known their business when they left the ship. With uncanny intelligence their beady eyes had watched the crazy doings of Shadrach Owen, worked up to a great outburst of his madness by his long days spent in the dark.

Volumes of smoke began to rise from the *Pride of Cardiff*, little boats were seen putting off from her side. Before long, in great red flames, she burned right down to the water's edge.

TO BE CONTINUED

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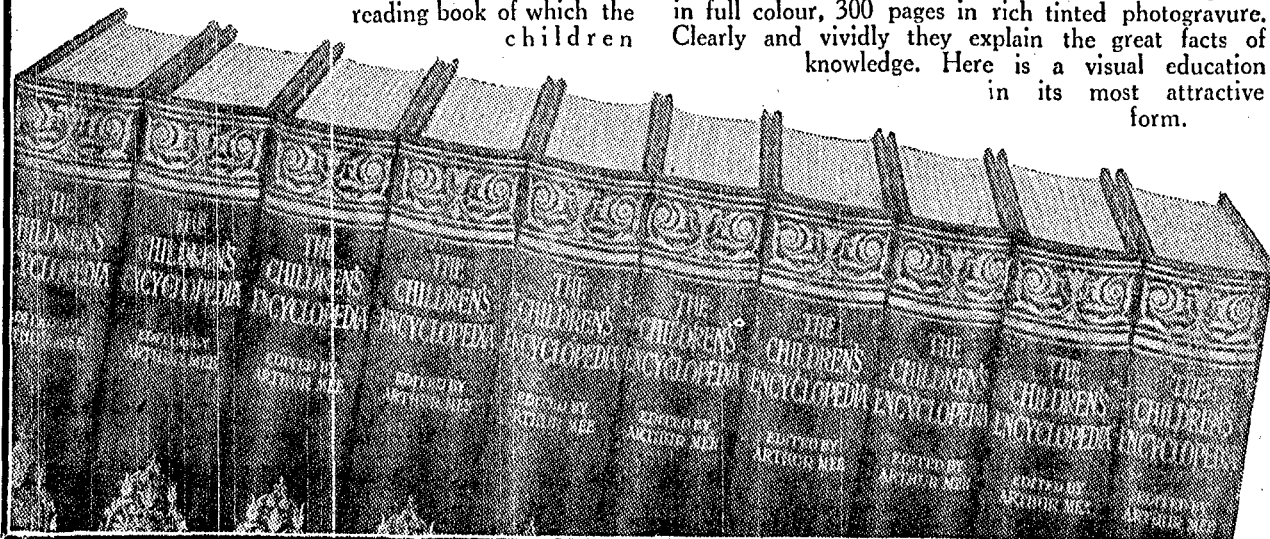
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Arthur Mee's

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CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

January 24, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Look Before You Leap

UNCLE BOB sent a box of chocolates to be shared by his six nieces. There were 210 chocolates and these were given equally to the girls. When each girl had her share there were still 35 chocolates in the box.

How many did each girl receive?
Answer next week

A Picture Puzzle



THESE pictures represent four words which, when written one below the other in the right order, form a square of words.

Answer next week

Magic Figure Squares

MAGIC figure squares can be rapidly made in this way providing we choose nine consecutive numbers. First of all set down the figures as in the first square. Then move the outer figures round as shown in the second square. Then we transpose the corner figures as in the third square.

2 3 4 | 5 2 3 | 7 2 9
5 6 7 | 8 6 4 | 8 6 4
8 9 10 | 9 10 7 | 3 10 5

Thus we have a square which totals eighteen up, across, and diagonally.

In this way we can make a magic figure square with any consecutive numbers.

An Acrostic

THE first and the last letters of the words indicated below spell the names of two famous British artists of the nineteenth century.

An accident. A State of the U.S.A. Lightness of manner. A fruit. To ward off. To set on fire. A season.

Answer next week

Tying the Knot

FOR this trick you will want a piece of string about a yard in length. Ask someone to take an end of the string in each hand and tie a knot in the centre of it without removing the hands from the ends of the string.

Almost certainly your friend will fail, and when others have had a try you can show how easily

the trick is done. Put the string along the edge of the table. Now fold the arms so that the left hand is beneath the right arm and the right hand is above the left arm. Then pick up the ends of the string, your right hand taking the left end and the left hand the right end. Unfold the arms and you will find a knot in the centre of the string.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Mercury are in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, Eros, and Neptune are in the South-East; and Uranus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on Wednesday, January 25.



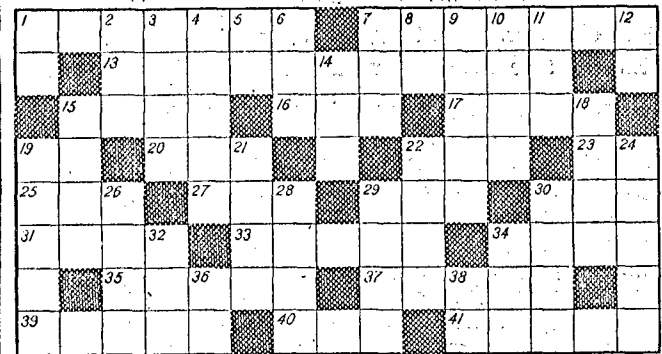
Ici On Parle Français



La pomme de pin est combustible. Le crabe est un animal comestible. J'aime le son du cornet à pistons.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. To atone for. 7. One who is initiated. 13. Intelligence. 15. To. 16. A rodent. 17. A woman of rank. 19. Indefinite article. 20. A spherical body. 22. Ancient. 23. French for and. 25. A snare. 27. A snakelike fish. 29. A public vehicle. 30. Distant. 31. A minute particle of matter. 33. To hesitate. 34. To fatigue. 35. An edible seaweed. 37. Species of willow. 39. Wants. 40. A line of light. 41. Supplies with nourishment.

Reading Down. 1. Printer's measure. 2. A peg. 3. A compound preposition. 4. Before in time or place. 5. Opposed to from. 6. To go astray. 7. Devour. 8. New Testament. 9. Cultivates. 10. A track. 11. Conjunction. 12. Trade Union. 14. A human being. 15. A single one of a number. 18. A period of time. 19. Once more. 21. Strata. 22. Yours and mine. 24. Plants. 26. A knot. 28. A sly look. 29. A floating object to mark a course at sea. 30. A conflagration. 32. Wet and soft earth. 34. A little heap of sand used by golfers. 36. Linnean Society. 38. Conjunction.

A Charade

My first is in skating and also in snow,
My second's in hiding and also in show,
My third is in walking and also in track,
My fourth is in working and also in slack,
My fifth is in nearly and also in quite,
My sixth is in glasses and also in sight,
My seventh's in apple and also in pear,
My eighth is in cheerful and also in care,
My ninth is in pastry and also in cake,
My tenth is in garden and also in rake,
My eleventh's in saucer and also in plate,
My whole is the name of an Englishman great.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Walking Problem. 2½ miles.

A Hidden Title

A Tale of Two Cities. Settle, wait, fail, cool, stile, title.

A Picture Puzzle

Wine, tent, water, spout, motor, boots — WINTER SPORTS.

Diagonal Acrostic

Hampshire Singapore Dumbarton alb Atross scullions Irrawaddy destroyed astrakhan narcissus

DR. MERRYMAN

The Porter That Was

Two friends met after a long interval.

"Hullo!" said Smith. "What are you doing now?"

"Oh, I'm an exporter," replied Jones.

"Exactly what do you mean by that?"

"I've lost my job on the railway."

What's in a Name?

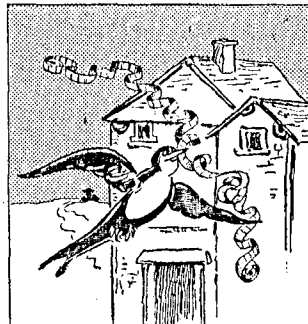
DINER: What is this, waiter, chicken or rabbit pie?

Waiter: Can't you tell by the taste, sir?

Diner: No; I can't.

Waiter: Then what does it matter, sir?

A Zoorosity



The Kinemartin

THE Kinemartin's up-to-date, All modern modes it chooses, So when it wants to make its nest Discarded films it uses!

Both Expired

THEY were talking about dog licences.

"You mean to tell me that you are not going to take out another?" said Black.

"I do," replied Green.

"But yours has expired?"

"So has the dog."

Slowing Down

THE motorist was summoned for driving recklessly through a ten-mile speed limit.

"My speed was nothing like thirty miles an hour, sir," he said to the magistrate, "nor twenty-five, nor twenty."

"Careful, now," warned the magistrate, "or you'll be backing into something."

No

MR HARDUP asked for the loan of ten pounds.

"When I return from Rome," said Mr Thrifty.

"So you are going to Italy?" queried Mr Hardup.

"No," was the reply.



HEALTHIEST BOY.....

"Many people tell me John is the healthiest four-year-old they know," his mother says. "California Syrup of Figs" deserves much of the credit for his splendid condition. I have used it for him regularly since babyhood. I have given it to him, too, for upsets and colds. It always makes him normal in a few hours."

Millions of mothers know the quick, pleasant way to end a child's irregularities; relieve his biliousness, feverishness, headaches; increase appetite and energy, is with a few spoonfuls of "California Syrup of Figs."

Now, many are learning they can prevent troubles of this kind; keep a child in fine condition by the regular weekly dose of this same pure vegetable product which doctors everywhere endorse. Children love its flavour. It acts without discomfort or harm. 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasize the word "California" and avoid mistakes.

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"May I have one now?"

There's no waiting about Sharp's Eaton Toffee! The flavour is so tempting, and the toffee is so wholesome and nourishing that it simply demands to be eaten at once. Take a tin home, and see if anyone can wait!



E. SHARP & SONS, LTD.

MAIDSTONE

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

As Granddad held out the sixpence he said:

"Here's threepence each for you. You'll not see very much for threepence," he added, "but it's all that I can afford."

Grandfather had been keen on circuses when he had been a boy. He was fond of animals still, but his circus-going days were over. Poor Grandfather was crippled and old, and he couldn't possibly have gone to a threepenny seat.

"We must not miss a minute of it," said Tim as they raced along. "Hurry up, Molly."

For Molly had suddenly stopped. Wagging from a thick bush in the hedge she had seen a tail.

Tim came back to look, and there, half-hidden in the hedge, was a dog.

Such a sad dog! Somehow or other he'd got run over.



Such a sad dog!

He had crept into the hedge, perhaps to die there, if Molly hadn't seen that pathetic little wagging tail.

"Oh, Tim, what shall we do?" said Molly. "He's cut too badly for us to cure him."

"Take him to the chemist's for a bandage," said Tim.

"Eh, a bandage for your dog?" said the young assistant at the chemist's. "That will be sixpence, please."

Sixpence! Well, they had one; and, even though it meant losing the circus, Grandfather would understand.

Then, when he examined the patient, he whistled.

"Why, I declare he's one of the circus dogs. I was there myself last night, and he's the best dog of the troupe. They'll be in a fine way if he's lost. Wait a bit; I'll ring up and tell them."

Molly and Tim sat beside the dog, who was better now

SIXPENCES AND CIRCUSES

and licking their hands, while the chemist telephoned.

Molly and Tim were quite pleased to wait until the dog's owner came along, but they didn't expect to see a fine car with the circus manager himself in it. But they did, and all at once they found themselves being thanked so heartily that they stared. "Why, what else could we have done?" said Tim. "We love dogs, and so does Grandfather."

"Likes dogs, does he? Well how would you and your Grandfather like to come to my circus, eh?" said the manager. "What? Too old! Nobody's too old for a circus. I'll fetch him in my car."

And so he did; and it is hard to say which of them enjoyed the performance most.